

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

Written by
FRA. QUARLES:

Author of the *Emblemes*.



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To the Reader.

READER,

I Present thee here with an History of Argalus and Parthenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Ciens taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious memory; which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many Leaves, and promises pleasing Fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have presidents for it; and let such know that I have taken but one play day in six: However, I should beshrew that band that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this Discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the Tyranny of strong Lines which (as they fabulously report of China Dishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit, under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean conceits of their ingenious reader) to write non-sense, and feloniously farther the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the Picture, then from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it resembles. These Lines are strong enough for my purpose; if not for them, yet read them; and yet understandings may be magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solecism, which is this: Demagoras his so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully exprest; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence, wherein (as I conceive)

To the Reader.

ceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When Prometheus stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the severer God for punishment of so high a sacrilege, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunderbolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kind of torture had Ixion: so had Sisyphus, so had Tantalus. Did then Demagoras's fault be less? Had my Pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name, and there had been an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live, that he may stand like a Jack a Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every one to spend a Cudgel at, to the World's end. Ladies (for in your silken Laps I know this Book will chuse to lie, which being far fetched, if the Stationer be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainments: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you: To whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Doublin, this Fourth,
of March 1621.

Fr. Quarles.

Argalus.

Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK. I.

W^{ITHIN} the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
 Whose grateful bounty hath enricht
 the hand
 Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose
 rural Art

untaught to gloaze, or with a doub'e heart
 (to vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
 eternal Trophies of a Pastoral Name:
 that sweet *Arcadia*; which, in actick days
 as wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
 to all the World, and with her Oaten Reed,
 did sing her Love whilst her proud Flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
 as great a tharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
 as his, whose louder *Aeneas* proudly sings
 heroick Conquests of victorious Kings:
 here (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
 as high, that Angels may be said to dwell)
 here dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory
 whose rare composur'e did abstract the story
 of true Perfection, modellizing forth
 the height of beauty, and admired worth:
 her name *Parthenia* whose unnam'd descent,
 can serve but as a needless Complement.

To guild Perfection : She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art and Nature makes her own.

Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep Age
More fill'd with Honour than Diseases ; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in Speech, but lib'ral of her Ear ;
Fierce to her Foes, and violent where she likes ;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes :
Frequent in Alms and Charitable Deeds,
Of mighty Spirit, constant to her *Beads*,
Wisely suspicious, but what need we other
Than this ? She was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly Eye
Sets Maiden mildness, mixt with Majesty ;
Whose secret power has a double skill,
By frowns or smiles, to make alive or kill ;
Her Cheeks are like two Banks of fairest Flowers,
Inrich't with sweetness from the Twilight showers,
Whereon those jays, which were so often bred,
Compos'd were 'twixt the white and red :
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knee
As if that Nature to so rare a Piece,
Had meant a Shadow ; labouring to show,
And boast the utmost that her hand could do :
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair,
But only Flax was not so small, so fair :
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
Instead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been :
The whiteness of her dainty Neck you know
If ever you beheld the new-fain *Snow* ;
Her Swan-like Breasts were like to little *Spears*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy* :
Her slender Waist, her Lilly hands, her Arms,
I dare not let to view ; because all Charms
So bidden are : My bashful *Muse* descends
No lower steps : Here her *Commission* ends,

and by another Virtue doth enjoy
 my Pen to treat Perfection more divine.
 The chaste *Diana* and her Virgin Crew
 Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
 after ages, which we find exprest,
 And here fulfill'd in Chast *Parthenia's* Breast;
 True vertue was the object of her Will;
 She could no ill, because she knew no ill;
 Her thoughts was noble, and her words not lavish,
 Yet free, but wisely weigh'd, more apt to ravish
 than to entice; less beautifi'd with Art,
 than natural sweetness: In her gentle Heart
 Judgment transcended; from her milder Breast
 Passion was not exiled, but repress'd:
 Her voice excell'd; nay, had you heard her voice
 But warble forth, you might have had the choice
 To take her for some smooth fac'd *Cheerubin*,
 Or else some glorious *Angel* that had been
 A treble sharer in th' eternal joys,
 Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice.
 Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;
 Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
 Quick, but not rash; courteous, and yet not common;
 Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man:
 In brief, who would relate her Praises well,
 Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t' excel.
 When these Perfections had enhanc'd the Name
 Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
 Grew great with honor, spreads her hasty Wings,
 Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
 And with her full mouth'd blast she doth proclaim
 Th' unmated glory of *Parthenia's* Name,
 Who now but Fair *Parthenia*? What Report
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But Fair *Parthenia's*? Every solemn Feast
 Must now be sweetned, honour'd, and possest
 With high discourses of *Parthenia's* glory.
 And every Month must breath *Parthenia's* story.

The Poet summons now his amorous Quill,
 And scorns assistance from the Sacred Hill :
 The sweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raise
 His prouder stile, to speak *Parthenia's* praise.
 The curious Painter wisely doth displace
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.

The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne're saw.
 Healths to the fair *Parthenia* fly about
 At every board, whilst others, more devout,
 Builds Idols to her and adore the same,
 And Parrots learn to prate *Parthenia's* name :
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth ; some emulates, and some envies :
 Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame bely her,
 And all that dare believe report, admire her.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord : Of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,
 More great then good, *Demagoras* his name :
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
 Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
 His gashly countenance swarthy, long and thin,
 And down each side of his reverted Chin
 A lock of black neglected Hair (befriended
 With Warts too ugly to be seen) descended ;
 His rouling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
 Like fire : 'Tis said they blister'd where they view'd,
 Upon his shoulders foam his fruitful Crown
 A rugged crop of *Elf-Locks* dangled down :
 His hide all hairy ; garnish his attire,
 And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire ;
 Perverse to all ; extenuating what
 Another did, becaufe he did it not :
 Maligning all mens actions but his own,
 Not loving any, and belov'd by none :
 Revengeful, envious, desperately stout,
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,

That

had the Monopoly, to fulfil
ce, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
saw'd *Parthenia's* face. As from above,
balls of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
pound th'unarm'd beholder at a blow,
leave him ruin'd in the place: Even so
Pearless beauty of *Parthenia's* eyes,
the first sight did conquer and surprize
avarish thoughts of his amazed lover,
void of strength to hide, or to discover
tyrannous scorching of his sacred fires,
rapt by Passion, with himself conspires:
accurs'd *Demagoras*! Into what a Fever
th one look struck thy soul? O never, never
be recur'd! If I had done amiss,
th Heaven no easier Plagues in store but this?
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these,
or sins yet labour'd both of one disease,
or faults are equal. Both stole fire from Heaven,
or faults alike, why are our Plagues uneven?
Just, O make not such unequal odds
equal sins, Be just, or else no gods:
why send ye down such Angels to the Earth,
to mock poor mortals? Or of mortal birth?
such a Heaven-like paragon may be,
why do ye not wound her as well as me;
why do I implore your aids in vain,
what are the highest Agents in my pain,
or wretch! What hope of help can ye assure me,
when only she that made the wound can cure me?
fine *Parthenia*, Earths unvalu'd Jewel:
could thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel:
when first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
had the History of my ruin there,
necessary ruin: Heaven, nor Hell
can salve my sores, by help of Prayer and Spell;
aids are unjust; and if, with charms, I haunt her
her eyes are Counter-charms, t'enchaut the'nchanter:
That 'Why

' Why do I thus exulcerate my disease ?
 ' By adding torments, hope I to find ease ?
 ' Is not her cruelty enough alone,
 ' But must I bring fresh torments of my own ?
 ' Chear up *Demagoras* ; 'Tis a wise man's part
 ' Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art
 ' Serves not to gain, A Gamster may not chuse
 ' His chance ? It is some conquest, not to lose,
 ' Look to thy self : Let no injurious blast
 ' Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast.
 ' For time to cure : O hope for no remission
 ' Of pain, till *Cupid* send thee a Physician.
 ' She is a Woman, if a Woman, then
 ' My title's good : Women were made for men.
 ' She is a Woman, though her heavenly brow
 ' Write *Angel*, and may stoop, although not now.
 ' Woman, by looks will not be understood
 ' Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
 ' She is a Woman. There's no reason why
 ' But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
 ' Move then, *Demagoras*, let *Parthenia* know
 ' The strength of her own Beauty, in thy woe :
 ' Fear not, what thou ador'st, begin to move,
 ' Christ's-Cross, foreruns the *Alphabet* of love.
 ' 'Tis half perfected, what is once begun ;
 ' She is a Woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,
 Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,
 At first (unentered) finds a lively damp
 Beleag'ring every joint, as often swouds
 As here he views his Sword, or thinks of wounds ;
 At length (not finding any means for flying,
 Switcht and spurr'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows,
 Even so *Demagoras* whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to love's sweet passion,

g call'd a Combatant to *Cupid's* field,
bles, and secretly resolves to yield
day without a Parley, till at length,
tely transporting by th'untutor'd strength
is own passion, he himself assures.
del'prate torments must have del'prate cures
thus to the divine *Parthenia's* ears
lies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.
airest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,
right it self, should do your patience wrong,
lawless passion makes it too too free,
blame your heavenly beauty and not me :
as those eyes, those precious eyes that first
orc'd my Tongue to speak, or Heart to burst
in those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
ich seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound,
by the hand that struck : To you alone,
e for help, that else must look for none,
en crown my joyes, thou *Anidote* of despair
be as merciful as thou art fair ;
ture, (the bounties of whose liberal hand
e thee the Jewel of the *Arcadian* Land)
ended in so rare a prize to boast
master-piece : Hid Jewels are but lost ;
e then, and rob not nature of her due,
honour her, as she hath honour'd you.
not the best of all her works lie dead
he nice casket of a Maidenhead :
at she would have reveal'd O do not smother,
art made in vain, unless thou make another :
e me thy heart, and for that grief of thine,
t thou should want a heart, I'll give thee mine,
richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.
y dost thou frown ? why does that heavenly brow,
t made for wrinckles, shew a wrinckle now ?
d forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
end me but the twilight of a smile.

' Give me one amorous glance ; why stand's thou m
 ' Disclose those ruby Lips, and grant my suit :
 ' Speak (Love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
 ' To silence, let that silence be consent,
 ' Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
 ' My words may seem t'emplead my own desert.
 ' Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend
 ' Below themselves, t'enjoy so fair a friend.
 ' I, that have oft with tears been sought to, sue ;
 ' And Queens have been his servants, that serves you
 ' The beauties of all *Greece* have been at strife
 ' To win the name of great *Demagoras* wife,
 ' And been dispis'd not worthy to obtain
 ' So high an honor ; what they sought (in vain)
 ' I here present thee with, as thine own due,
 ' It being an honour fit for none but you :
 ' Speak then (my love) and let thy Lips make known
 ' That I am either thine, or not my own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
 Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrouds
 Her Cheek behind a ruddy malk of Clouds,
 Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
 Presages wind, and blustering storms that day.
 Such were *Parthenia's* looks : In whose fair face
 Roses and Lillies, late had equal place.
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
 Roses appear'd, and Lillies were not seen :
 She paws'd a while, till at last, she breaks
 Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

' My Lord,
 ' Had your strong Oratory but the art,
 ' To make me conscious of so great desert
 ' As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
 ' To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty ;
 ' Or if the frailty of my judgment could
 ' Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold

your words for currant, you might boldly dare
count me as foolish, as you term me fair.
you vie Courtship. Fortune knows that I
have not so strong a game, to see the vie :
alas ! My skill durst never undertake
to play the game, where hearts be set at stake :
needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
eldom observ'd to save themselves that win :
you crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
so great a mischief : My poor heart's too small
to fill the concave of so great a breast,
whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
of love-sick Queens, and can require the vain,
and factious suits of Ladies with disdain :
poop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)
to love *Parthenia* : Shall so poor a word
gain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
a more transcendent Fortune, than that name
can give ; Call down *Jove's* winged Pursuivant,
and give his tongue the power to enchant
some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
Marriage fitting so sublime, so great
Mind as yours, and fill the fruitful Earth
with *Heroes*, sprung from so divine a Birth :
Parthenia's heart could never yet aspire
so high : Her home bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
so fond an honor matcht with so great pride,
so hope for that which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord ; vouchsafe not to repeat
unfit a suit : Be wise as you are great :
advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more
to wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
that to the wiser world, it may be known,
the less y're mine, the more you are your own.
Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
fended Justice lately past her doom
stands trembling by, and hopeless to prevail,
asks not for mercy : But to the loath'd

Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
 A hasty suit to his selected friends,
 That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,
 The wretch might have some few days more to live :
 Even so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart
 Had newly felt the unexpected smart
 And secret burthen of a desperate doom,
 Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
 And in his discontented mind, revolves
 Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
 What course to run, relying on no other
 But the assistance of *Parthenia's* Mother.
 Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
 His wandering steps to the next neighbouring grove ;
 A keen Steelette in his trembling hand
 He rudely grip'd ; upon his Lips did stand,
 A milk-white froth ; his eyes like flames ; sometimes
 He curses Heaven, himself, and then the times ;
 Rails at the Proud *Parthenia*, raves, despairs,
 And from his head rends off his tangled hairs ;
 Curses the womb that bare him, bans the Fates,
 And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates :
*Why dy'st thou not Demagoras, when as death
 Lends thee a Weapon ! Can thy whining breath
 Of discontents and passion, send relief
 To thy distraction or assuage thy grief ?
 Why mov'st thou not the gods ? Or, rather, why
 Do'st not contemn, and scorn their power, and die ?
 But stay ! Of whom dost thou complain ? A Woman,
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complain ? A Woman,
 And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee ?
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee ?
 Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye
 Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,
 And leave to avertimes an entred name
 I'th Calender of fools ? Rouse up for shame
 Thy wasted spirits, whet thy spleen and live
 To be reveng'd ? She, she, that would not give*

admittance to thy profer'd love must drink
 a portion of thy hate ; Stir then the sink
 of all thy passion ; where thou canst not gain
 a fairer language, Tarquin-like, constrain.
 Hold thy hand, Demagoras, and advise ;
 He gives advantage oft where force denies :
 Spend thy fury : Make Parthenia's Mother
 thy means ; One Adamant will cut another ;
 Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory ;
 Soften her tender heart with the sad story
 of thy dear love : Extol Parthenia's beauty :
 The most of all urge that deserved duty
 Thou owest her virtue, and make that the ground
 of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound :
 mingle thy words with sighs, and it is meet,
 that thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
 against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
 thy vows, and tho' thou beest forsworn, yet swear :
 For thy barren lips shall chauce to pause,
 for want of words, Parthenia is the cause,
 who hath benum'd thy heart ; if ere they go
 beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so :
 that, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
 the daughters virtues, let thy glory glance
 on the prudent Mother : Women care not
 to hear too much of virtue, if they share not.
 When thus thou hast prepar'd thy melting ear
 to soft attention, closely in the rear
 of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition
 that she would please to favour the condition
 of a distressed lover, and afford
 in thy behalf, a Mothers timely word ;
 shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wild,
 and make the Mother Baud to her own child.
 He paused not, but like a rash Projector
 whose Frantick Passion was supream Director)
 at his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
 which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd

All time but lost, which he bestowed not
 On th' execution of his hopeful plot :
 Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
 Towards the Summer Palace, where resided
 The fair *Parthenia's* Mother ; boldly enters,
 And after mutual complement adventures
 To break the Ice of his dissembled grief :
 Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,

The hopeful thriving of my suit depends
 Upon your goodness, and it recommends
 It self unto your favour, from whose hand
 It must have sentence, or to fall, or stand :
 Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
 Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
 Since these sad eyes, these beauty blasted eyes,
 Were stricken by a light that did arise
 From your blest womb, whose unasswaged smart
 Hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart :
 It is the fair *Parthenia*, whose divine
 And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
 To their own ruin : Like a wanton Fly,
 I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
 Till I have burn'd my wings, O, if to love
 Be held a sin, the guilty gods above
 (Being fellow sinners with us, and commit
 The self same crimes) may easily pardon it.
 O thrice divine *Parthenia* that hast got
 A sacred privilege which the gods have nst,
 If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
 Of my loathed life, yet let me die forgiven ;
 And welcome death that with one happy blow
 Gives me more ease, than life could never do.
 Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
 But you ? Alas to whom should I reveal
 My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
 Being to her, that hath the power to save

wasted life; the language of a Mother
 ves more than tears, tha' trickle from another,
 b that a well dissembled drop did slide
 m his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd:

My Honourable Lord,
 My untimely answer hath prevented
 the farther words, your passion would have vented,
 upon my haste which is a ruder fashion
 ought only to divide you from your passion:
 The love you bear Parthenia, must claim
 the privilege of mine ear, and in her name,
 though from an absent mind, as yet unknown)
 turn I thanks with interest of mine own.
 The little judgment, that the gods have lent
 for downy Tears (though in the small extent)
 does challenge the whole freedom of her choice;
 the resignation of a Mothers voice:
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgins mind
 enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd:
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
 requires no bellows but their own desires;
 And like to Dedalus his Forge, if blown,
 turns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
 Lovers affect without advisement, that
 which being most persuaded to, they hate:
 My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer
 the fortune of your suit to time, and her,
 like to a Pinnacle is a Lover's mind,
 the Sail his fancy is; a storm of wind
 is uncontroled passion; the Steers
 is Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears;
 Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
 at little Sail, and stoutly ply the Stear:
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,
 My Lord, too hasty gamsters over-see.
 Go, move Parthenia, and let Juno's blessing
 attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing

*Loves Common evils: And if her warm desire
Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire,
Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;
My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.*

With that *Demagoras* (prostrate on the ground
As if his ears had heard the blessed sound,
Wherewith the *Delphian Oracle* acquites
The accepted Sacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his Soul with the malignant joyes
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time had the Heaven surrounding Steep
Quell'd their proud Courage, turn'd their fainting
Into their lower Hemisphere, to cool (head
Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and molitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace share
In her refined pleasures, and invited
Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
In those sweet Walks, where *Flora's* liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walked she, and in her various mind,
Projects and casts about which way to find
The progress of young *Parthenia's* heart;
Likes this way; Then a second thought does thwart
The first, likes that way, then a third the second,
One while she likes the match, and then she recks
Demagoras vertues; Now her fear entices (on
Her thoughts to alter, then she counts his vices
Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind,
Another while thinks oath and words but wind.
She likes, dislikes, her double thoughts to vary;
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary.
One while she fears that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:

from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 fears; creates a world of wealth, and rests.
 that, she streight unfixt her fastned eyes
 off the ground: and looking up, espies
 the fair *Parthenia* in a lovely bower,
 ending the treasure of an Evening hour:
 ere sat she, reading the sweet sad discourses
Chariclea's love; the entercourses
 whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
 feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart:
 she read, she wept; and, as she wept, she smil'd:
 if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
 'extreams of joy and grief: She clos'd the Book,
 then open'd it, and with a milder look,
 she pities lovers: Musing then a while,
 she teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile:
 length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers,
Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers!
all extream in love? No mean at all?
no drought indifferent? Either Honey or Gall?
with Cupid's universe no temperate Zone?
either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, Alas, poor Lovers! As she spake
 those words from her disclosed Lips, there brake
 a gentle sigh; and after that another:
 with that, steps in her unexpected Mother.
 Have ye beheld, when *Titan's* lustful head
 hath newly dy'd into the Sea-green Bed
 of *Thetis*, how the bathful Horizon
 enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
 looks red for shame, and blushes to discover
 th' incestuous pleasures of the Heav'n-born lover:
 she look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
 of her unwelcome Mother did descry
 her secret Passion: The Mothers smile
 brought forth the Daughters blush, and level coy
 they smil'd and blusht, one smile begat another:
 the Daughter blusht, because the jealous Mother
 Smil'd

Smil'd on her; and the silent Mother smil'd
To see the conscious blushing of her Child:
At length grown great with words, she did awa
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake:

Blush not, my fairest Daughter, 'tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast:
'Tis Charity to succor the distressed.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every grief her own: At least, her part.
What marble, ah what adamantine ear
Ere heard the flames of Troy, without a Tear?
Much more the scorching of a lover's fire,
(Whose desperate fewel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart:
Why dost thou blush? Why did those pearly tears
Slide down; Fear not, this Arbor hath no ears:
Here's none but we, speak then, it is no shame
To shed a tear, thy Mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent, or a message to thy wounded heart?
Speak in the name of Hymen, I conjure thee:
If so, I have a Balsam will recure thee.
I fear, I fear the young Laconian Lord
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomach, which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart,
If that be all, revealing brings relief:
Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;
And sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is easie cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and would'st smooth
The close affection from thy angry Mother,
And reap the dainty fruit of love unseen:
I did the like, or thou hadst never been.
Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy mind
To love in secret. I will be as blind

e that wounded thee; or if thou dare
 maint thy Mother, then a Mothers care
 be redoubled till thy thoughts require
 sweet fruition of thy choise desire;
 lov'st Demagoras: If thy Lips deny,
 conscious Heart must give thy Lips the lie;
 if thy liking countermand my will,
 punishment shall be to love him still;
 to love him still, and let his hopes inherit
 Crown belonging to so fair a merit;
 thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
 speak, at least, an age above his years;
 blood of his increasing honor springs
 in the high stock of the Arcadian Kings.
 Gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
 rich him with the prime of all the Land;
 honour and Wealth attend his Gates, and what
 be command that he possesses not?
 which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)
 fortune of thy Beauty hath made thine;
 is thy Captive, and thy Conquering eyes
 we took him Prisoner, he submits, and lies
 thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
 som'd from death, by any price, but thee.
 long not thy self, in being too too nice,
 and what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice
 ept at first it is a foolish mind
 be too coy; Occasion's bald behind,
 is not the common work of every day
 offer such offers: take them while you may,
 es alter; Youth and Beauty are but blasts,
 e then thy time, whilst youth and Beauty lasts;
 if that loath'd and infamous reproach,
 a stale Maid, but offer to encroach
 on Opinion, th' art in estimation,
 e Garments kept till they be out of fashion:
 worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand
 e Goods at Out-Cries priz'd at second hand.

Resolve.

*Resolve thee then, t' enlarge thy Virgin life
With th' honourable Freedom of a Wife;
And let the fruits of that blest Marriage be
A living pledge between my Child and me.*

So said, the fair (*Parthenia*, in whose heart
Her strong Affection yet had got the start
Of her Obedience) makes a sudden pause,
Strives with her thoughts: objects the binding
Of filial duty to her best Affection,
Sometimes submits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her Mothers: Thus divided
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
By one desire; and sometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother;

Madam,

*Think not Parthenia, under a pretence
Of silence, studies disobedience;
Or by the crafty slowness of Reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to Deny;
It lies not in your power to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender hand
I here surrender up that little all
You give me, freely to dispose withal;
The Gods forbid, Parthenia should resist--
What you command, command you what you list,
But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
Hath made assault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine; I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed
From Cupid's spring; This blubber'd Book makes known
Whose griefs I weep; I weep not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree towards the proud desire
Of so great honour to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife;
He su'd for Love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune,
My Breast was Marble, and my Heart forgot
All pity for indeed, I lov'd him not.*

Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
 and the stoutest of my rash affections
 have commanded, and your will shall be
 square of my uneven desires and me,
 practise duty, and my deed shall show it,
 practise love, though Cupid never know it.
 When great *Basilus* (he whose Princely hand
 flourish'd long Peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
 with triumph brought to his renowned Court
 his new espoused Queen, was great resort
 of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold
 the truth that unbeliev'd report hath told
 of fair *Cynecia's* worth; Thither repair'd
 the *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all repair'd
 Warlike Furniture, and well address'd,
 with solemn Jufts to glorifie the Feast
 of Marriage Royal, lately past between
 an *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
 the fair *Cynecia*, in whose Face and Breast,
 Nature and curious Art had done their best.
 To sum that rare perfection which (in brief)
 transcends the power of a strong belief:
 Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
 receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name,
 than if he had with his victorious hand,
 scepter'd half the Princes in the Land;
 To tell the glory of this Royal Feast,
 the Bridegroom's state, and how the Bride was dress'd
 the princely Service, and the rare delights,
 the several names and worth of Lords and Knights;
 the quaint *Impressa's*, their deviseful shows,
 their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;
 the Courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
 who ran, who got the better, who the worse,
 not my talk; nor lies it in my way,
 to make relation of it; *Heralds* may.
 Let fame and honour have selected one
 from that illustrious Crue; and him alone

Have

Have recommended to my careful Quill,
 Forbiding that his honour should lie still
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit
 That day, had crowned with a victor's merit :
 His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born :
 And (if what is not ours, may adorn
 Our proper fortunes) his Blood-Royal springs
 From th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* King
 His out-side had enough to satisfie
 The expectations of a curious eye :
 Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
 To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
 He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
 T' approve the excellence of his manly worth :
 His mind was richly furnished with the treasure
 Of Moral knowledge in so liberal measure
 Not to be proud : So valiant and so strong,
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong :
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few ;
 Fast to his old Friends, and unapt for new :
 Lord of his word, and Master of his passion,
 Serious in business, choice in recreation ;
 Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary ;
 Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary :
 And to conclude, the world could hardly find
 So rare a body with so rare a mind.

Thrice had the bright surveyer of the Heaven
 Divided out the days and nights by even
 And equal hours, since this child of Fame
 (Invited by the glory of her name)
 First view'd *Parthenia*'s face, whose mutual eye
 Shot equal flames, and with the secret tie
 Of Undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
 Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either
 Both dearly lov'd ; the more they strove to hide
 Their love, affection they the more descry'd,
*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
 Affection, where one virtue finds another.*

e was their thoughts, and their desires one,
 yet both lov'd, unknown : Belov'd, unknown :
 e was the Dart, that at the self-same time
 sent, that wounded her, that wounded him :
 hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd,
 , where they both could help, was none reliev'd;
 o lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
 two in all, and yet that *all* but none,
 this time had their barren Lips betray'd
 their timorous silence ; now they had display'd
 red sanguine colours, whilst the winged Child
 in a Tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
 to see the combat of two wounded friends,
 strikes and wounds himself while she defends
 that would be wounded, for her pains proceeds,
 and flows from his, and from his wound she bleeds
 plays at him, and aiming at his breast,
 pierc'd her own heart : And when his hand addrest
 the blow to her fair bosom, there it found
 her own dear heart, and gave that heart that wound
 length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
 who lost the day, and yet both won the field :
 and as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
 their Lips gave earnest of a joyful Peace.
*But O the hideous chances that attend
 lovers progress to his journies end !
 how many desprate rubs and dangers wait
 but minute on his miserable state !
 what hopes do build, what strait his fears destroy :
 sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy :
 sometimes despairing ere to find relief,
 roars beneath the tyranny of grief ;
 when loves current runs with greatest force,
 the obvious mischief still disturbs the course.*
 So, no sooner the discovered flame
 these new parted lovers did proclaim
 their sacred Jubile : But the Virgins Mother
 the posture of whose visage did discover

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her breast)
 Enters the Room: Half angry, half in jest.
 She thus began: [My dearest Child, this night
 When as the silent darkness did invite
 Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughtspostest
 My troubled mind and robb'd me of my rest;
 I slept not, till the early Bugle horn
 Of *Chauniclere* had summon'd in the morn
 T' attend the Light, and nurse the new born
 At last when *Morpheus* with his Leaden Key
 Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power
 Of my heav'n guided fancy, for an hour
 I slumber'd: and before my slumbring eyes,
 One, and the self-same dream presented thrice
 I wak'd: And being frightened at the Vision,
 Perceiv'd the Gods had made an Apparition.
 My dream was thus. Methought I saw thee sit
 Dreft like a Princely Bride, with Robes befitting
 Thy State of Majesty: Thy Nymph-like Hair
 Loosly dishevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
 A *Cypress-wreath*, and (thrice three months expired
 The pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's aid: With that methought I saw
 A team of harneft Peacocks fiercely draw
 A fiery Chariot from the flitting skie,
 Wherein there sate the glorious Majesty
 Of great *Saturnia*, on whose train attended
 A host of goddesses: *Juno* descended
 From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
 Thy painful Womb: Thy pains a while increas'd
 At length she laid her gentle palms upon
 Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a Son.
 She made thee Mother of a smiling Boy,
 And after, blest thee with a Mothers joy,
 She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold
 For on his head she set a Crown of Gold:
 Forthwith, as if the Heavens had clove in sunder
 Methoughts I heard the horrid noise of Thund'ring

Argalus and Parthenia. Book I

the hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
the Hailstones that descended did appear,
Orient Pearls some like refined Gold.
Hereat the goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
that *Jove* has sent a gift; go forth, and take't:
thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd:
wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
there were no idle passages, that grew
from my distempered thoughts: 'Twas not a vain
illusion roaving from the troubled brain.
'Twas a vision, and the Gods forespake
Parthenia's fortune! Gods cannot mistake.
Like the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold,
my joyful Marriage, and the shower of Gold
tokened Wealth: The Infant's Golden Crown-
giving honour: *Juno's* coming down,
safe deliverance, and the smiling Boy
m'd up the total of a Mothers joy:
that what the wreath of *Cypress* (that was set
on thy Nuptial Brows) presage, as yet
the Gods keep from me: If that secret do
attend an evil, Heav'n kept it from thee too.
Advise *Parthenia*: Seek not to withstand
the plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand:
omit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyn
must be; or lies it in my power, or thine
to contradict: Endeavour to fulfil
that else must come to pass against thy will.
Now by the filial duty thou do'st bear
to the Gods and me, or if ought else more dear
in force Obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
in the Gods hand, in greatest time of need;
Heav'n, by Hell, by all the powers above,
I conjure *Parthenia* to remove
all fond conceits that labour to disjoyn
that Heaven hath knit, *Demagoras* heart and thine;
the Gods are faithful, and their wisdoms know
that's better for us Mortals, then we do:

Doubt.

Doubt not (my Child) the Gods cannot deceive
 What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
 With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
 The dear affection of so true a lover:
 Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
 That finds abroad no joy, at home no rest:
 But like a wounded Heart before the Hounds,
 That flies with *Cupid's* javelin in his wounds:
 Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire;
 The Gods will bring in-fewel and blow the fire;
 Be gentle; let thy cordial smiles revive
 His wasted spirits, that only cares to live
 To do thee honour: It was *Cupid's* will
 The *Dart* he sent, shall only wound, not kill;
 Yield then; and let engaged Gods pour down
 Their promis'd blessing on thy head, and crown
 Thy youth with joys; and may'st thou after be
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.]

So said: the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart
 Her fixt desires had taught th' unwilling Art
 Of disobedience, calls her Judgment in.
 And, of two evils, determines it a sin
 More venial by a resolute denial,
 To prove undutiful, than be disloyal
 To him, whose hearts a sacred Vow had tied
 So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied,
Madam,

*The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
 The utmost their enraged hands could do,
 And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
 Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
 Whose curst and tortur'd soul must only be
 The subjects of their wrath; and I am she,
 Hard is the case! My dear desires must fail.
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be frail;
 Or else affection must be so exil'd
 A Mothers heart, that she renounce her Child.*

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And

and as she spake that word, a flowing tide
tears gusht out, whose violence deny'd
intended passage of her double tongue,
stopt a while, then on the floor she flung
prostrate body, while her hands did tear
not knowing what they did) her dainty hair :
sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her
an some words & then wept out the rest : (breast ;
cast her liveless hands, did by degrees,
se her cast body on her feeble knees,
humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Mothers frowning Visage, thus went on.
Upon these knees, these knees that ne're were bent
you in vain ; that never did present
ir unrewarded duty ; never rose
hout a Mothers blessings ; upon those,
n those naked knees I recommend
our dear thoughts, those torments that attend,
r poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress
ves rather death, then language to express,
ut shall I do ? Demagoras and death
nd both alike to these sad ears, tha breath
t names the one, doth nominate the other :
no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.
mand Parthenia now to undergo
ut death you please, and these quick hands shall show
seal of my obedience in my heart,
Gods themselves, that have a secret Art
force affection, cannot violate
Law of Nature, nor the course of Fate,
e Earth forget her burden, and ascend ?
can the aspiring flames be taught to tend
the Earth ? If Fire descend, and Earth aspire,
th were no longer Earth, nor Fire Fire :
en so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
love Demagoras and not to be :
no, the Heavens can do no Act that's greater,
n (having made so) to preserve their creature :

And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me
 With such false joys, (as if enjoy'd) would kill me?
 I know that they are merciful, what they
 Command, they give a power to obey:
 The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes
 Of late beheld did promise and conprise
 A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
 The poor Parthenia's merit; whom despair
 Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dream discry'd
 A Royal marriage; pointed out the Bride:
 Her safe deliverance; and her smiling son;
 Honour and wealth; and after all was done,
 There wants a Bridegroom; Him, the Heavens have
 Within my Breast, by me to be reveal'd; (See
 Which if your Patience shall vouchsafe to bear,
 My Lips shall recommend unto your ear.

When as Basilius (may whose royal hand
 Long sway the Scepter of the Arcadian Land)
 From Cyprus brought his more than Princely Bride,
 The fair Cynceia, (whom as Greece deny'd
 An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none
 As her superior in perfection:)

Upon this Ladies Royal Train and State,
 A great concourse of Nobles did await,
 And Cyprian Princes, with their Princely port
 To see her Crown'd in the Arcadian Court;
 Illustrious Princes were they; but, as fair
 As mid-night Phebe out-shines a twinkling star;
 So far among this rout of Princes, one
 Surpass the rest in honour and renown
 Whose perfect Virtue finds more admiration
 In the Arcadian Court, than imitation
 In th' ex'cence of his outward parts, and feature,
 The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
 Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
 And furnish'd with transcendent worth, is thought
 To be the chosen Fortrefs for Protection
 Of all the Arts, and store-house of Perfection:

Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth
 are a Branch, whose undervalued worth
 ings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,
 can the dull Arcadians understand:

Name is Argalus:

(Madam) was that Cypress wreath, that Crown'd
 nuptial brows: And now the Bridegroom's found
 ath'd in the Mystery of that Cypress wreath;

ich, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
 my Soul, O may I cease to be,

ught but death part Argalus and me;

does my safe obedience not withstand

ave you desire, or what the Gods command;

Seal what the Gods command is your desire

thenia should obey and not respire

ainst their sacred counsel, or withstand

Plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand;

must submit our Wills; what they enjoyn

ide, st be; nor lies it in your power or mine,

cross; we must endeavour to fulfil

at else must come to pass against our will;

vows are past, and sacred Heavens decree

thing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said: th' impatient Mothers kindled eye

half closed with a murder'ous frown) let flie

scorching fire-ball, from whence was shed

me drops of choler; sternly shakes her head;

with trembling hands unlockt the door, and flees,

aving Parthenia on her aking knees;

and as she fled, her fury thus began

o open, And is Argalus the man?

at there she stops, and striving to express

hat rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost

Cupid's Blanker and unjustly cross't

willful Parents, whose extream command

ath made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,

That

That take a furious pleasure to divorce
 Your soul from your best thoughts, (Nay, what is wor
 Than Torture) force your fancies to respect,
 And dearly love, whom must you disaffect;
 Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
 Of poor Parthenia; let your eyes impart
 One drop at least: And whatso'ere thou be
 That readst these Lines, may thy desires see
 The like success, if reading, thou forbear,
 To wet this very Paper with a tear.

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,
 Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
 With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
 She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
 With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground
 Her weary hands sustains her drooping head;
 (Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed)
 Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
 That would discover so forlorn a sight:
 The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs
 Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried Tears:
 And at first blush, she seems as if it were
 Some curious statue on a Sepulchre;
 Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus;

My Argalus, my dearest Argalus,
 And then they clos'd again, as if the one
 Had kist the other for that service done,
 In naming *Argalus*: Sometimes oppress'd
 With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting Breast
 A sudden stroke and after that another,
 Cryed, *Hard fortune; O hard-hearted Mother!*
 And lick with her own thoughts, her passion strow
 Betwixt the two extreames of grief and love:
 The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded
 The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
 With desp'rate grief? at length the tyrannous force
 Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.

How art thou chang'd (*Parthenia*) how hath passion
 at all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?
 'Til'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee?
 To thine own self? How nothing hath it made thee?
 How is thy wreath-beaten soul oppress'd
 With storms and tempests blown from the North
 Cold despair? which, long ere this had found (east
 ernal rest; had been o'er-whelm'd and drown'd
 In the deep gulph of all my miseries,
 And I not pump't this water from mine eyes;
Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
 Thou little think'st thy poor *Parthenia* now
 Tortur'd for thy sake; alas (dear heart!)
 Thou knowest not the unsufferable smart
 I undergo for thee; thou dost not keep
 A Register of those sad tears I weep;
 O, no, thou dost not.
 Well, well, from henceforth, *Fortune*, do not spare
 To do thy worst thy active mischief dare;
 Devise new torments, or repeat the old
 'Til thou burst, or I complain. Behold,
 Bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;
 No's level'd with the earth can fall no lower;
 Spit thy venom forth, and temper all
 My studied actions with the spirit of gall.
 My practis'd malice can no harm devise
 So sure for *Argalus* to exercise,
 As love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
 A sportful pastime, to make hours shorter.
 As love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
 Wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.
 But ere that word could usher out another,
 A tender Virgins Marble hearted Mother,
 Opens the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect
 Looks *Parthenia*: with a new respect
 Views her Child, and (having clos'd the door)
 Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
 Whereon she lay, and being set together
 In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her. *Per-*

*Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn
To Argalus his love, that it must scorn
Demag'ras? Are your souls conjoyn'd so close,
That my entreaty may not interpose?
If so, what help? Yet let a Mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids the Child beware,
The Sickle that's too early, cannot reap
A fruitful Harvest; look before you leap
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure Vertue in a day;
Virtues appear, but Vices balk the light;
'Tis hard to read a voice at the first sight.
False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:
Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,
'Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:
Consult with time; for time betrays, discovers
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
And things soon past, are oft too late lamented.*

*With that Parthenia, rising from her place;
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: Madam, each several day
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose hourly goodness, if it should compare
With my desires, alas, the world would show
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe,
I must confess my heart is not so sworn
To Argalus his merit as to scorn
Demagoras; nor yet so loosely ty'd,
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavour'd,
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupid's learned Schoolmen have resolv'd
That love divided, is not love dissolv'd.*

yet, what plighted faith and honour may
now undo, your counsel shall delay.

Adam, Parthenia's hand is not so greedy,
reap her corn, before her corn be ready:

er unadvised sickle shall not thrust
to her hopeful Harvest, e'er needs must:

yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
whose season shall be season'd by your will:

er time of Harvest shall admit no measure,
t only what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she; but till that darkness got
the mast'ry of the light, they parted not:
the Mother pleads for the *Laconi* in Lord;
the Daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
his very Name, had not her Mother spok't)
she pleads her Vow, which cannot be revok't:
yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit
no way untry'd; that a hard-hearted wit
now to devise, persuades, allures, intreats (threats,)
ingles her words with smiles, with tears, with
commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
does th' utmost that a marble breasted Mother,
can do; and yet the more she did apply,
the more she taught *Parthenia* to deny,
the more she did assault, the more contend,
the more she taught the Virgin to defend:
at last, despairing (for her words did find
no hopes to move a Mountain than her mind)
she spake no more: But from her chair she started;
and spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted.
Away she flings, and finding no success
her last words, her fury did address
her raging thoughts to a new studied plot,
actions must now enforce, what words could not,
reason is in her thoughts: Her furious breath
in whisper now no language under death:
for *Argalus* must die, and his remove
must make the passage to *Demagoras* love: And

And till that bar be broken, or put by,
 No hope to speed : poor *Argalus* must dye,
Demagoras is call'd to counsel now.
 Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
 Resolving on the act, they both conspire
 Which way to execute their close desire :
 Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,
 'Madam (*said he*) this medicine well apply'd
 ' To *Argalus* his bosom, will give rest
 ' To him, and me : The sudden way is best.
 ' My Lord, your trembling hand (*said she*) may m
 ' The mark, and then your life in danger is
 ' Of out-cry ; or perchance his own resistance :
 ' Attempts are dangerous, to so small a distance
 ' A *Drug's* the better weapon, which does bread
 ' Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
 ' Clos'd up in sweetness : Come, a *Drug* strikes su
 ' And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure
 ' My Lord, bethink no other : set your rest
 ' Upon these *Cards* : The surest way is best
 ' Leave me to manage our successful Plot,
 ' And if these studious brows contrive it not
 ' Too sure for Art of *Magick* to prevent,
 ' Ne'r trust a Womans wit when fully bent
 ' To take revenge : Begon, my Lord, Repose
 ' The trust in me ; Only be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universal shade
 Of the unspangled Heaven and Earth, had ma
 An utter darkness, (darkness apt to further
 The horrid enterprise of rapes, and murther)
 She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
 A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
 (*Parthenia's* hand-maid) whom she thus bespake
 ' *Athleia*, dare thy private thoughts partake
 ' With mine ? Canst thou be secret ; Has thy hea
 ' A lock, that none can pick by thievish art,
 ' Or break by force ? Tell me, canst thou digest
 ' A secret, trusted to thy faithful Breast ?

' Mad

adam (said she) Let me never be true
to my own thoughts, if ever false to you :
speak what you please, *Athleia* shall conceal ;
torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.

Reply'd the Lady then. ' *Athleia* knows
how much, how much my dear affection owes
Parthenia's heart, whose welfare is the Crown
Of all my joys, which now is overthrown.
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust ;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils. *Parthenia* is in love ;
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,
And nought but look'd for death can give her rest.
Tis *Argalus* she loves, who with disdain
Requites her Love, not loving her again ;
He slights her tears ; the more that he neglects,
The more entirely she (poor soul) affects.
He groans beneath the burden of despair,
And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air.

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
Must know too much, for one poor heart t' endure ;
That desperate's the wound admits no cure,
Lies in thee to help. *Athleia* say,
Wilt thou assist me if I find the way ?

Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
Efficient earnest for my Secrecy.
Our lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To *Athleia's* ears, alas, it is too true.
Long, long, ere this, your servant had reveal'd
The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd,
If my best endeavours may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,
That all the enraged Deities allot
To me worse torment, if I do it not.
My life's too poor to hazard for her ease ;
Adam, I'll do't, Command me what you please,

So said ; the treacherous Lady stept aside,
 Into her serious Closet, and apply'd
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
 This forged Letter, in *Parthenia's* name.

To her faithful *Argalus*.

Although the Malice of a Mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is, should flame ;
 Yet *Parthenia's* the same.

Although my fire be hid a while,
 'Tis but fire slack'd with oyl.
 Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
 It shall burn, and blaze withal.

What I send thee drink with speed,
 Else let my *Argalus* take heed ;
 Unless thy providence withstand,
 There is treason near at hand.

Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
 From future dangers, or from past, recure thee
 Thy constant *Parthenia*

This done and seal'd, she op'd the private door
 Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, For every sore
 The Gods provide a salve ; force must prevail
 Where sighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.
 Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
 A little glass, and said, *Athleia*, look,
 ' Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
 ' *Parthenia's* happiness, and life consists.
 ' It is *Nepenthe* ; which, the factious gods
 ' Do use to drink, when ere they be at odds :
 ' Whose secret virtue (so infus'd by *Jove*)
 ' Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love,
 ' It makes the proudest lover whine and bawl,
 ' And such to dote, as never lov'd at all.

He

Here, take this glass, and recommend the same
To *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* name,
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between *Argalus* and it
Let no eye come; be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun; and so Heaven Crown th' event.
By this the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber, when they both address
Their thoughtful minds, to take a doubtful rest.
' O Heaven! And you, O you celestial powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all hours
In man's protection, still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping,
O, can your all-discerning eyes Behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd
O, can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servants (that now sleeps secure,
Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence.
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd destruction, his own death!
And will ye suffer't, he that is the crown
Of prized virtue, honour and renown.
The flower of Arts, the *Cyprian* living story,
Arcadia's Garland, and great *Greece's* glory.
The Earths new wonder, and the Worlds example
Must die betray'd. Treason and Death must
Upon his life: and, in the dust must lie (trample
As much admir'd perfection, as can die,
No, *Argalus*, the coward hand of death,
Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
The mask of Love. Thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs, Man's force could ne'r make
Into thy life. No, Death could ne'r uncase (breach
Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
Dream, *Argalus*, and let thy thoughts be troubled
With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled

' And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
 ' Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
 ' O, that my lines could wake thee now, and see
 ' Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever
 ' Waken now or never *Argalus*, and withstand
 ' Thy danger. Wake, the Murthereſſe is at hand
 ' *Parthenia*, O *Parthenia*, who ſhall weep (ſleep
 ' Thy world of tears? Canſt thou, O canſt thou
 ' Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to ſlumber
 ' Does nothing trouble thee? No dream incumbe
 ' Thy frighted thoughts, and *Argalus* ſo near
 ' His laſting hour? Not one dreaming tear?
 ' Sleep on; and when thy flattering ſlumber's pa
 ' Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as fa
 ' His death is plotted, and this morning light
 ' Muſt ſend him down, into eternal night
 ' Nay, what is worſe than worſt, his dying brea
 ' Will censure thee, as Agent to his death.

By this, the broa'd ſac'd *Quirifier* of night
 Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and took her flight
 To the next neighbouring Ivy. Birds and Beaſts
 Forſake the warm protection of their Neſts,
 And nightly Dens, whiſt darkneſs did diſplay
 Her ſable Curtains to let in the Day;
 When ſad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
 Her ſlumbering eyes, her buſie thoughts were fright
 She roſe, and trembled; and being half diſtraug
 With her prophetick fears, ſhe thus bethought.

*What ail the Gods thus to diſturb my reſt,
 And make ſuch Earth-quakes in my troubled breſt?
 Nothing but death, and murders? Graves and Bell
 Frightning my fancy, with their hourly Knells?
 'Twas nothing but a dream, and dreams, they ſay,
 Expound themſelves the clean contrary way.
 The Riddle's read, and now I underſtand
 My dreams intents, Some marriage is at hand;
 For death interpreted is nothing elſe
 But Marriage, and the melancholly Bells*

Book 1. *Argalus and Parthenia*

3

with and musick. By the Grave, is read
the joyful, joyful marriage bed :

it is plain : And now, methinks, 'twas I
at my prophetick dream foretold should die,
this be death, Death exercise thy power,
and let Athleia die within this hour,
do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath
shall pray for nothing more than sudden death.
stay, Athleia, the too forward day
begins to gild the East ; away, away.

So having said, the nimble fingered Lass
took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass :
and to her early progress she applies her :
repairs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her ;
at every step she took, her mind enforc'd
few thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd.

*How frail's the nature of a Womans will !
now cross ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
they more desire ; and least inclin'd to do,that they are most of all perswaded to :*

*And not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands :
must not taste it ! Had she not injoynd
lips from tasting it, Athleia's mind
had never thought on't : now methinks I long ;*

*if, once confin'd, become too strong
Womans conquer'd reason to resist :
Womans reason's measur'd by her list.*

*long to taste ; yet was there nothing did
give my desire, but that I was forbid.*

With that, she staid her weary steps, and hastid
unto the glass ; lift up her am, and tasted ;
that done (and having now attain'd almost,
her journeys end) the little time she lost,
few speed regains : The nimble ground she traces
with double haste, and quick redoubled paces,
on a sudden she begins to faint :

her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint :

Her blistred tongue grew hot, her liver glows;
 Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
 She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies;
 Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
 His longer life, and by her death he lives;
 Live *Argalus*, and let the Gods allot
 Such morning draughts, to those that love thee
 Live long, and let the righteous Powers above
 That hath preserved thee for *Parthenia's* love,
 Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
 Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
 By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
 Give language to her trumpet, and proclaim
Athletas's death, the current of which news
 Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse
 Deceived ears: Which when the Lady heard,
 Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
 To entertain the murther, she arose
 And with rude violence desperately throws
 Her trembling body on the naked floor,
 But what she said and did, I will deplore,
 Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
 Because she was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother:
 May it suffice, that the extremes of shame,
 And unresisted sorrow overcame
 Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
 The treason, than success and more repenting
 Of what we fail'd to do, than what she did,
 Her sullen soul despairs: her thoughts forbid
 What reason wants the power to perswade;
 And griefs being grown too deep for her to w
 She sinks and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
 Hath got the *Satyrasis* to hear
 This tragick Scene: The breath of *Fame* grows b
 Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:

hilst loud report (whose tender Lips before
first only wisper, now begins to roar ;)
the Letter found in dead *Athleia's* brest,
unwray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
now confirm'd and clear'd : For all men knew
whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.
But have we lost Parthenia ? In what Isle
Endless sorrow lurks she all this while ?
weet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
my heart dissolve, and melt into a tear :
Excuse my silence : if my lines should speak,
such marble hearts as could not melt, wou'd break :
So, leave her to her self it is not fit
to write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit :
Leave this task to those that take delight,
to see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite
of all remorse ; whose hearts are still at strife
to paint a torment to the very life ;
leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
to weep, and smile again within an hour :
to those whose stony hearts are more contented
to limb a grief, than pity the tormented :
let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, the joys whereof corrected
that furious grief, which passion recommended
to her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.

When time, the enemy of Fame had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Parthenia's sorrows, rising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scene
Of better fortune enters in, to drear
Her marsh eyes : Her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears :
The Rock's remov'd, and Loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough ; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows : Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear :
A lover's

A lover's diet's sweet commixt with slowre ;
His Hell and Heaven oft-times divides an hour.

Now *Argalus* can find a fair access
To his *Parthenia* ; Now fears nothing less
Than ears and eyes ; and now *Parthenia*'s heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by :
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her ;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together :
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles, their tongue w
Now this they make their subject ; and now, the
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle to
And jar, as zealous Lovers use to do :
And then a kiss must make them friends again :
Faith, one's too little, Lovers must have twain
Two brings in Ten Ten multiplies to Twenty :
That to a hundred : Then because the plenty
Grows troublesome to count, and does incumbe
Their Lips, their Lips gave kisses without numbe
Their thoughts run back to former times : The
Of all loves passages they had of old :
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and wh
The manner how, and who were present by :
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion.
Her baited words, her marble disposition :
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears.
His soliloquies, and her secret tears :
Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting
Their compliments, the manner of their greeting
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first induc'd the Agents to the Treason.
Thus by the privilege of time and leasure, (su
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual ple
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after grumble at the envious night ;
Which bids them part too soon ; what day deny
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply

Whi

which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
 make the day so short, the night so long.
 But now the little winged God repented
 that he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
 a very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
 began to weep at his own tyranny ;
 mends her sorrows, finds a secret way,
 make the night as pleasing as the day ;
 calls *Hymen* in, and in his ears discovers
 the lingring torments of these wounded Lovers.
 gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
 ingross their names within his Register,
 and now *Parthenia's* harvest draweth near ;
 the dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
 joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown.
 the time's appointed and the day's set down.
 herein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,
 all joyn together their espoused hands.
 Here stop my Muse ; retire thy self and stay,
 gather breath against the *Marriage day*.

Reader, the joyful bride salutes ye all,
 in her behalf, if any have let fall
 A tender tear, to these she makes request,
 That they'll be pleas'd to grace her *Marriage Feast*.

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Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK II.

Sail gentle Pinnacle, Now the Heavens are
The Winds blow fair, Behold the (clear
Harbor's near,

Tridented *Neptune* had forgot to frown,
The Rocks are past, The storm is over-blown.

Weather-beaten Voyagers, and rouse ye;
Take your loathed Cabins: Up and lounge ye
On the open Decks, and smell the Land.

Near up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand,

Sail gentle Pinnacle, with a prosperous gale,
To th' Isle of *Peace*: Sail, gentle Pinnacle, sail;

Neptune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide

The Silver streams, that thou mayest safely slide
To the bosom of thy quiet Key,

And quit thee fairly of the injurious Sea.

Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee
First poor suppliants, grant one happy hour: (power
Let these wounded lovers be possess'd,
Length, with their so long desired rest!

Now, now the joyful marriage day draws on

The Bride is busie, and the Bridegroom's gone

To call his fellow Princes to the feast,

Garland's made; The Bridal Chamber's drest;

The

The Muses have consulted with the Graces,
 To crown the day and honour their embraces
 With shadow'd *Epithalms* : their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs,
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day !
 The Virgin tapers, and what other rights
 Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The joyful triumph of this marriage feast,
 But stay ! Who lends me now an Iron Pen,
 T' engrave within the Marble hearts of Men
 A Tragick Scene ? Which whoso'er shall read,
 His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed
 Carnation tears ; if time shall not allow
 His death prevented eyes to weep enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all *Muses*, come, afford
 Thy studious help, that each consuming word
 May rend a heart (at least) that every Line
 May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine
 Of her own tears : O teach me how t' extract
 The spirits of grief, whose virtue may distract
 Those breasts, which sorrows knows not how to kill,
 Inspire, O, inspire my melting quill ;
 And, like sad *Niobe*, let every one
 That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone :
 Teach me to paint an oft repeated sigh
 So to the life, that whoso'er be nigh
 May bear it breath, and learn to do the like
 By imitation, till true passion strike
 Their bleeding hearts . Let such as shall rehearse
 This story, bawl like Irish at a Hearse.

Th' event still crowns the act ; Let no man
 Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day.

For when the 'Kalends of this Bridal feast
 Were entered in, and every longing breast

next great with expectation, and all eyes
 prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
 were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
 with that, which Art and Honour had devis'd
 to adorn the times withal, and to display
 their bounty, and the glory of that day,
 the rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion,
 blest her busie thoughts with contemplation
 of absent *Argalus*, whose too-long stay
 made minutes seem as days; and every day
 measur'd age; into her secret bower
 took her weary steps, where every hour
 her greedy ear expects to hear the sum
 of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
 Her hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
 what makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;
 she questions, answers, and she makes reply,
 and talks, as if her *Argalus* were by.
 O com'st thou not! Can *Argalus* forget
 the languishing *Parthenia*? What not yet?
 As she spake that word, she heard a noise,
 which seem'd, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
 of some close conspiracy. She began to fear
 she knew not what, till her deceived ear
 (frustrated by her hopes) had singled out
 the voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
 whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare
 stealth to seize upon her unaware.
 She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
 raising the noise, as if she heard it not.
 As young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
 the warm protection of their nest, or taken
 on themselves, the self-providing care,
 shift for food, but with paternal fare
 how fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
 their full crop parents are at hand to chear
 their craving stomachs; whilst th' impatient fift
 the false Cater, rising where it list,

In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gaping he
From their vain struggling bodies; so, even so
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Tho' much to her own hopes) the whilst her
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, salutes her thus,

*Base Trull, Demagoras comes to let thee see,
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee.
Foul Sorceress! Could thy properous actions think
To scape revenge, because the Gods did wink
At thy designs? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood
Cries in a language; not to be understood?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage Murder
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whisp'ring breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? Who (they say)
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day,
Nay, struggle not, here's none that can relieve
Such pounded beasts: It is in vain to strive,
Or roar for help; Why didst not rather weep
That I may laugh? Perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton Belly, and confess
Thy self a true-repentant Murderess,
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his barn, and father
The new got Cyprian Bastard if that he
Be half so wise, that got it, but to flee,
Hah! dost thou weep? or do false mists but mock
Abused eyes? from so obdure a Rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage day, that who repair
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, see what tears can do,
Vile strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e'er w
Thy judgment so, to think, Demagoras tongue*

It so defile his honour, as to sue
serious love? So base a thing as you
(ethinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes
on some easie Groom, that hopes to rise
to his Master's favour for your sake;
this had been preferment, like to make
hopeful fortune: Thou presumptuous trash!
that was my courtship but the minutes dash
youthful passion, to allay the dust
my desires, and exuberous lust?
corn thee to the soul, and here I stand
and for revenge, whereto I set my hand.
With that he grip'd her rudely by the fair
and bounteous treasure of her Nymph like hair.
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor;
he stopt her mouth for fear she should implore
aid from Heaven: She swooning in the place,
his savage hands besmear'd her lifeless face
with horrid poison, thinking she was dead,
he left her breathless, and away he fled.
Come, come ye Furies you malignant spirits;
Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits
The land of darkness; you that still converse
With damned Souls; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell,
Survey them all; and then inform my Pen,
To draw in One, the Monster of all Men.
Teach me to limn a villain, and to paint,
With dext'rous art, the basest Sycophant
That e'er the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon; the putrid blain
Of all diseased humours, fit for none
But Dogs to lift their nasty Legs upon,
So clear mine eyes, that whoso'er shall see
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he!
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In honour's Book: Let his remembrance rot

' In all good minds : Let none but villains call
 ' His Bug-bear Name to memory wherewithal
 ' To fright their bauling Bastards : Let no spell
 ' Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
 ' Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name;
 ' Which, let your bashful Cris-cro's-row disclaim
 ' To the world's end, not worthy to be set
 ' In any but the Jewish Alphabet.

But hark ! Am I deceiv'd, or do I hear
 The voice of *Argalus* sounding in my ear ?
 He calls *Parthenia* : No that Tongue can be
 No counterfeit : He's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.
 Welcome too late, that art now come too soon :
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'r been done
 Alas ! when Lovers linger, and out-go
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they do
 Men fondly say, That Women are too fond
 At parting ; to require so strict a Bond.
 For quick return, poor Souls ! 'Tis they endure
 Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture.
 I blame them not, for mischief still attends
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
 In every room to find *Parthenia* out.
 He asks, inquires, but all Lips are sparing
 To be the Authors of ill news, not daring
 To speak the truth : They all amazed stand.
 And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
 Should hear such words ; as he's afraid to hear.
 All lips are bolted with a Linnen Bar,
 And every eye does, like a Blazing Star,
 Portend some evil, no Language finds a Leak,
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
 Faces grow sad, and every private ear
 Is turn'd a closet for the whisperer.
 He walks the room and like an unknown stranger,
 They eye him ; from each eye, he picks a danger.

last his lips not daring t' importune
 that none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*
 leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
 a place more black than night : No sooner come,
 t' he was welcom'd with a sigh as deep,
 a spent heart can give : He heard one weep,
 led by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
 (having no other guide) to the sad Bed.

Who is't (said he) that calls untimely night?

Hide those griefs that thus abjure the light?

With that, as if her heart had rent in two,

she past a sigh, and said, 'Oh ask not who.

Charge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply

To your demand : Alas, It is not I.

'Not I (said he) what Language do I hear?

Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear.

It is my dear *Parthenia's* voice, Ah me!

And can *Parthenia*, not *Parthenia* be?

What means this word, (*Alas, it is not I*)

What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny

Thy self? Or what can *Argalus* then claim,

If his *Parthenia* be not the same

He was? Alas, it seems to me all one

To say, thou art not hers, that's not hybown.

Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly

Like wandring Atoms, in the empty sky?

Or can the Heavens (grow idle) not fulfil

Their certain revolutions, but stand still,

And leave their constant motion for the wind

To inherit? Can *Parthenia* change her mind?

Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,

E'er my *Parthenia* falsify her love.

Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why

Those lips should say, (*Alas, it is not I!*)

Whereto she thus reply'd : O do not thou

Wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t' allow,

That cursed name a room within thy breast,

Let not so foul a prodigy be blest

'With thy lost breath : Let it be held a sin,
 'Too great for pardon, e'er to name't agen.
 'Let darkness hide it in eternal night :
 'May it be clad with horror to affright
 'A desp'rate conscience : He that knows not how
 'To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
 'Upon this name. Let him that would contract
 'The body of all mischief, or extract
 'The quintessence of a sorrow, only claim
 'A secret privilege to use that name :
 'Far be it from that language, to commit
 'So foul a sin, as once to mention it.
 'Live happy *Argalus* ; do not thou partake
 'In these my miseries : O forbear to make
 'My burthen greater, by the tender sorrow ;
 'Alas, my heart is strong and needs not borrow
 'Thy needless help : O be thou not so cruel,
 'To feed my flaming fires with the fuel,
 'Why dost thou sigh ? O wherefore should thy heart
 'Usurp my stage, and act *Parthenia's* part ;
 'It is my proper task ; What dost thou mean,
 'Without my License, to intrude my Scene ?
 'Alas ! Thy sorrows ease not my distress ;
 'God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less
 'My patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
 'That I have got the Monopoly of tears,
 'In me let each Man's torments find an end :
 'I am the Sea, to which all Rivers tend.
 'Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more
 'Take tears on trust, and set them on my score

And as she speaks that word, his heart not able
 To bear a language so unsufferable,
 But being swoln so big, must either break,
 Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew too weak
 To oppose his quickned passion (like a Man
 Transported from himself) he thus began.

*Accursed darkness ! Thou sad type of Death !
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !*

means thy boldness to usurp this room,
 and force a night, before the night be come :
 get thee down, and keep within thy lists :
 revel there ; and hurl thy hideous mists
 fore those cursed Eyes, that take delight
 utter darkness and abhor the light ;
 turn thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
 and hide those faces, whose infernal flame
 calls for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls
 have the protection of th' obscurest holes,
 escape some lashes, and avoid those strict
 and horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict.
 if thou needs must ramble here above,
 to some other Climate, and remove
 thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
 that hate thy tyranny : Go exercise
 thy power in Groves, and solitary Springs
 where Bats are Subjects, and where Owls are Kings.
 Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,
 that such as slumber in their silent Tombs
 may bless thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd
 undisturbed and eternal rest.
 if thy more ambitious fogs desire
 to hang the living, hast thee and retire
 to some Closser, and there stand between
 the light, and those that fain would sin, unseen ;
 assist them there, and let thy ugly shapes,
 count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes :
 enlight those rooms ; and aid all such as fear
 the Eye of Heaven : Go close thy Curtains there,
 we need thee not (forth Witch) away, away ;
 thou bid'st more beauty than the noon of day
 can give ; O thou that hast so rudely hurl'd
 in this dark bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs,
 His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upstarts
 Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
 Quick flashes like the flames of Lightning flie :

He

He calls for light, the light no sooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himself; he blest himself again,
Thrice did he bless himself and after said.

*Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
For sake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcan's charge; in Vulcan's name, away.
Or if thy stout rebellion should disclaim
His Sovereignty, in my Parthenia's name.*

I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out;
He slept to that sad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid.
His left hand held the Taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light.
Which done, appear'd before his wandering eye
The truest portrait of deformity,
As e'er the Sun beheld: That lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace,
And peerless beauty, whose imperious eyes
Ravish't where they lookt; and did surprise
The very souls of men, she, she, of whom
Nature her self was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
As darkness, for man's sake, was well advis'd.
To loath in mists, lest any were incited
To see that face, and so depart affrighted,
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd;
At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light; and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts increas'd
His passion strives for vent and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd reason had of late concluded,
And thus began: 'Are these false eyes deluded

or have enchanted mists slept in between
 my abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen ?
 No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,
 'twill affright in jest ; it goes beyond the art
 of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
 so sweet a face : I know that these are eyes,
 and this a light : False mists could never be
 twixt my poor *Parthenia*, and me.
 Accursed Taper ! What infernal sprite
 breath'd in thy face ? What fury gave thee light ?
 Thou imp of *Phlegeton* ; who let thee in
 to force a day, before the day begin ?
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom
 that lean chapt Fury did I snatch thee from ?
 When as this cursed hand did go about
 to bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
 All such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;
 ne'er shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ;
 never seen, but when as sorrow calls
 for needful help to nightly funerals ;
 as a May-game for the amazed *Bat*
 to sport about ; and Owls to wonder at.
 All haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
 to fright the Sexton from his passing Bell.
 Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
 in their dark Lanthorns : Let all mirth forbid
 by treacherous flames the room ; and if that none
 shall dain to put thee out, go out alone :
 Attend some Miser's Table, and then waste
 so soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
 then dim for ever. Let that flatt'ring light
 thou feed'st, consume the flock : Be banish'd quite
 from *Cupid's Court* : When lovers go about
 their stolen pleasures, let your flames go out.
 Henceforth be useful to no other end
 but only to burn day-light, or attend
 the midnight Cups of such as shall relign
 with usury their undigested Wine..

Why

' Why dost thou burn so clear? Alas, these eyes
 ' Discern too much: Thou wanton blaze doth rise
 ' Too high a pitch: Thou burn'st too bright
 ' As see no comfort: O thou shin'st too much.
 ' Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout
 ' T' endure my breath? This breath shall puff thee
 ' Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguish'd, never
 ' To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,
 He blew it out: But mark, that very blast
 (As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
 His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguish'd flame
 He stands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
 Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

*And can the Gods themselves (said he) contrive
 A way for hope? Can my past joys revive,
 Like this rekindled fire; if they do,
 I'll curse my Lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you,
 Eternal Fates! deal fairly, dally not:
 If your bid bounties have deserv'd a lot
 Beyond my wain'd hope, be it express'd
 In open view; make hast and do your best:
 But if your Justice be determin'd so
 To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
 Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;
 Strike home betimes, dispatch and do your worst.
 That burden is too great for him to bear,
 That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.*

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
 The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
 He gaz'd upon her, stood as in a trance:
 Sometimes her lifeless hand he would advance
 To his sad lips: then steal it down agen.
 Sometimes a tear would fall upon't, and then
 A sigh must dry; every kiss did bear
 A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:
 He kiss'd, he sigh'd, he wept, and for a space
 He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,

and in a whispering language, he disbur's'd
 his various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd.
*And were the Sun-beams of these eyes too fierce
 for mortals view? Or did those fires disperse
 flames too consuming for the amaz'd beholder?
 did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder,
 stain that brow, and by a midnight theft,
 steal more beauty than the day had left?
 Or did that blind, that childish god descry
 kind of twilight from that heavenly eye,
 which, over bright, he sought to make more dim
 blurring that, which else had blasted him?
 Or did the Sea-born goddess Queen repine
 see her Star out shone so much by thine?
 and fill'd with rage, and envious despiht,
 and down a cloud & eclipse so fair a light?
 Or did the wiser Deities foresee
 this likely danger, that when men should see
 bright a Lamp, fearing they should commit
 such sweet Idolatry, benighted it?
 Or did the too too careful Gods conspire
 good for man, transcending man's desire,
 and knowing such an eye too bright for any,
 give it a wound, lest it should wound too many?
 so they meant, they might have been more kind
 save that beauty, and have struck us blind.*
 Before the sound of his last breath was gone
 her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
 through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
 of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
 Vext forth these Words: 'Thus fleet, thus transito-
 ry is man's delight, and all that painted glory, (ry
 Poor Earth can give, nor wealth, nor blood, nor
 Can quit the debt, that necessary duty (beauty,
 They owe to *Change* and *Time*; but like a flow'r,
 They flourish now, and fade within an hour.
 The World's compos'd of change, there's nothing
 At the same point; all alters, all decays. (stays
 'The

'The World is like a Play, where every age
 ' Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage
 ' And when *Time's* hasty hour-glass is run,
 ' Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done
 ' Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
 ' Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not.
 ' Whose beauty was ador'd o're night, next morn
 ' May find a face, like mine, not worth the scorn
 ' Look where we list; there's nothing to the eye
 ' Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.

' Most dear *Parthenia* (*Argalus* reply'd)

' Had thy deceived eye but stept aside,
 ' And lookt upon thy *Argalus* his breast:
 ' I know, I know, thy language had profest
 ' Another faith: thy lips had ne'r let fly,
 ' At unawares, so great an Heresie:
 ' 'Tis not the change of favour, that can change
 ' My heart, nor Time, nor Fortune can estrang
 ' My best affections, so for ever fixt
 ' On thee, nothing but death can come betwix
 ' My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,
 ' Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,
 ' E'er this, to fresh desires, and attended
 ' Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
 ' If I had lov'd thee for thy Heavenly eye,
 ' I might have courted the bright Majesty
 ' Of *Titan*: If thy curious Lips had snar'd
 ' My liq'rish thoughts, I might have soon prepar
 ' A blushing Corral, or some full ripe Cherry,
 ' And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary
 ' Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
 ' Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy b
 ' To outward objects, polish'd Marble might
 ' Have given as much content, as much delight
 ' In brief, had *Argalus* his flattered eye
 ' Been pleas'd with the beauties bare *Epitomy*,
 ' Thy curious picture might have then supply'd
 ' My wants, more full, than all the world besid

No, no, 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
 Nor any outward exc'llence urg'd me, why
 I love *Parthenia* : 'twas the better part,
 Which mischief could not *wrong* surpris'd my heart.
 Thy beauty was but like a Chrystal case,
 Through which the Jewel of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake.
 No, no, my well advised eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the skin ; sunk deeper than the skin :
 I had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
 Bore my vows, but faded with thy beauty.
 Nay, Weep not my *Parthenia*, let those tears
 E'er wail that loss, which a few after years
 Had claim'd as due ; cheer up, thou hast forsaken
 Not that, which sickness would (perchance) have ta-
 ken with greater disadvantage ; or else age, (ken
 That common evil, which Art cannot assuage ;
 Beauties but bare opinion : White and Red
 Have no more privilege, then what is bred
 Of human fancy, which was ne'r confin'd
 To certain bounds, but varies like the wind.
 That one man likes, another disrespects ;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects :
 The *Negro's* eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright us most, they count most
 When opinion be the touch, whereby (fair.
 Beauty's tried, *Parthenia* in my eye
 Out-shines fair *Helen*, or who else she be,
 That is more rich in beauties wealth than she.
 Cheer up, the sovereignty of thy worth infranches
 Thy captive beauty, and thy virtue blanches
 These stains of Fortune : Come, it matters not
 What others think ; A Letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot read ; but who have skill,
 Can know the fair impression of a Quill,
 From gross and heedless blurs ; and such can think
 No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink :

- 'What others held a blemish in thy face,
 'My skillful eyes read characters of grace.
 'What hinders then, but that without delay,
 'Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?
 'She that hath only virtue to her guide,
 'Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.
 'A Bride? (*said she*) such Brides as I, can be
 'No fitter Bridal Chamber than a Grave.
 'Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome De
 'My loyal heart shall plight a second faith.
 'And when that day shall come, that joyful da
 'Wherein transcendant pleasures shall allay
 'The heart of all my sorrows and conjoyn
 'My palefac'd *Bridegroom's* lingring hand with m
 'These Ceremonies, and these Triumphs shall
 'Attend the day, to grace the day withal.
 'Time with his empty Hour-glass shall lead
 'The Triumph on, his winged Hoof shall tread
 'Slow paces; after him there shall ensue
 'The chaste *Diana* with her Virgin crew,
 'All crown'd with *Cypress* Garlands; after wh
 'In rank, th' impartial Destinies shall come.
 'Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn
 'With harneft Virgins vail'd with purest Law
 'The Bride shall sit, Despair and Grief shall
 'Like heartless Bride-maids upon either hand.
 'Upon the Chariot top there shall be plac'd
 'The little winged God, with arm unbrac'd,
 'And Bow unbent: his drooping wings must
 'His naked knees, his Quiver by his side
 'Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold
 'A Banner, wherewith Characters of Gold
 'Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
 'To read that runs) Faith, Love and Constan
 'Next after, Hope, in a discolour'd Weed,
 'Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed
 'Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
 'A broken Anchor all besinear'd with sand.

And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
 Like *Jove's* Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,
 He shall be mounted on a coal black Steed,
 His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
 A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
 With *Cupid's* Javelin enter'd, shall be found.
 When as these Triumphs shall adorn our feast,
 Let *Argalus* be my invited Guest,
 And let him bid me Nuptial Joy : from whom
 I once expected all my joys should come.
 With that, as if his countenance had thought good
 To wear death's colours ; or as if his blood
 Had been employed to condole the smart,
 And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake. *Unhappiest of all men,*
Why do I live ? is Death my Rival then ?
Unequal chance ! had it been flesh and blood,
I could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters : Had an armed host
Of Mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
My best desires ; my Parthenia's eye
Had given me power to make that army fly,
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf ; but thou,
Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
Their servile necks, what Weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be controul'd ?
Great enemy : Whose Kingdom's in the dust,
And darksome Caves : I know that thou art just ;
If had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
So great a privilege, so large command
And Jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,
To kill, and save even whom they please, and when.
 Suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears
 To move thy heart, let thy hard hearted ears
 Be deaf to all her suits : If she profess
 Affection to thee, believe nothing less.
 He's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymen's bands,
 Have firmly joyn'd our hearts though not our hands.

When plighted faith, and Sacro sanctious vow
 Hath given possession, dispossess not thou,
 Be just, and though her briny lips bewail
 Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail;
 Whom Heavens have ioyn'd, thy hands may not disjoin
 I am Parthenia's, and Parthenia's mine;
 Alas! We are but one, when thou must either
 Refuse us both, or else take both together.

My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
 Of dull despair molest thee, or unfashion
 Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
 Either forget, or thy self unkind,
 Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay:
 My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
 It hovers up and down, and cannot rest,
 Until it light, and pitch upon thy breast.
 Torment not him, within these lingring seas,
 That's rackt already on his own desires.
 Seal and deliver as thy deed, that bond,
 Where to thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
 And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow
 Have so long since begun, O finish now;
 That our imperfect, and half pleasures may
 Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto she thus. Had the pleas'd Gods above
 Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
 To bless at large; had all the powers of Heaven
 (To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
 As great addition to my slender fortune
 As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
 I vow to Heaven, and all these Heavenly powers,
 They should no sooner been made mine, but yours.
 Nay, had my fortunes staid, but at the rate
 They were; had I remained in that state
 I was; (alike at best unworthy far
 Of such a peerless blessing as you are)
 My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
 As full of joys, as now it is of smart.

But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
 me his plagues; till all his plagues be spent,
 and when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
 when I match Argalus to such a Bride.
 O happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
 all blessings poor Parthenia cannot have.
 O happy: May thy joys be never done,
 let one blessing draw another on.
 May thy better Angel Watch and Ward
 thy Soul; and pitch an everlasting guard
 about the Portals of thy tender heart,
 and shroud down blessings where'so'er thou art.
 All thy joys be as the Month of May,
 all thy days be as the Marriage day.
 Sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
 strangers to thee; let them never find
 thy heart a home. Let Fortune still allot
 lawless Guests to those that love thee not:
 Let those blessings, which shall wanting be
 such as merit none, alight on thee.
 On mutual faith, betwixt us that of late
 have past, I give thee freedom to translate
 on the merits of some fitter spouse;
 I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows.
 All the Gods to witness, nothing shall
 more bless my soul, no comfort can befall
 more truly welcome to me, than to see
 Argalus (what e'er become of me)
 linkt in Wedlock, as shall most augment
 my greater honour, and his true content.
 With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
 of tears o'erwhelm'd her language, and deny'd
 her passage, but when Passions flood was spent,
 she thus proceeds: 'You Gods, if you are bent
 to act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
 my patience so, to make the Play so long?
 Our Scenes are tedious, 'gainst the rules of art,
 you dwell too long, too long upon one part.

' Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
 ' One simple Maid amongst so many Gods,
 ' And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoin your might
 ' And send her soul into eternal night,
 ' That lives too long a day: I'll not resist,
 ' Provided you strike home, strike where you list.
 ' Accursed be that day, wherein these eyes
 ' First saw the light; let desp'rate Souls devise
 ' A curse sufficient for it: Let the Sun
 ' N'er shine upon it; and what'er's begun
 ' Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it
 ' Success, if not t'en snare the hand that did it.
 ' Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
 ' Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
 ' (Even whilst my lips were hanging on her breast
 ' Sing her poor Babes to everlasting rest?
 ' O then my Infant-soul had never known
 ' This World of grief, beneath whose weight I groan
 ' No, no, it had not. He that dies in's prime,
 ' Speeds a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extreme desire,
 Unapt to yield, like water sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
 Gave thus an on-set to a farther tryal.

' Life of my soul, by whom, next Heaven, I breathe
 ' Excepting whom, I have no Friend but Death.
 ' How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
 ' My misery in stead, when as thy hand,
 ' And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 ' Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
 ' Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
 ' I find best wishes, yet am inrerdicted
 ' Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
 ' From Love's enjoyment; why? Because belov'd
 ' Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
 ' A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
 ' Thy beauty's gone, (thou say'st) why, let it go
 ' He loves but ill, who lives but for a show:

' T'is unwill

My beauty is supply'd in my affection,
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.
 All every day, wherein the Earth does lack
 The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
 Or shall thy over curious steps forbear
 The Garden, 'cause there be no Roses there?
 Or shall the Sun-set of *Parthenia's* beauty
 Force my judgment to neglect that duty,
 The which my best advis'd affection owes
 To sacred virtue, and her solemn vows?
 O, no, it lies not in the power of Fate
 To make *Parthenia* too unfortunate
 For *Argalus* to love.

It is as easie for *Parthenia's* heart
 To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
 From my firm faith: the flame that honours breath
 Hath blown nothing, hath power to quench, but
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter spouse, (death;
 And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
 Took: Who gave thee licence to dispence
 With such false tongues, as offer violence
 To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
 Thy self, much less had power to license me.
 Vows can admit no change; they still persevere
 Against all chance; they bind, they bind for ever.
 A Vow's a holy thing, no common breath:
 The limits of a Vow is *Heaven* and *Death*,
 A Vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown
 From out thine hand, can be recall'd by none.
 It dies not like a time-beguiling Jest,
 As soon as vented, lives not in thy breast,
 When uttered once, but is a sacred word
 Strait entred in the strict and close Record
 Of Heaven; it is not like a Jugler's knot,
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.
 Since then thy Vows can find no dispensation,
 And may not be recall'd, recal thy passion;
 Perform, perform what now it is too late,
 'Tis unwith again, too soon to violate.

Seek

' Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free :
 ' Perform thy Vows to Heaven, thy Vow to me.
 ' Thrice dearer than my soul, (*she thus reply'd*)
 ' Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
 ' To my affection, I had condescended
 ' E'er this, to your request, which had befriended
 ' My best desires too : I lov'd not thee
 ' For my own pleasures in that base degree,
 ' As gluttons do their diet, who dispencc (ferr
 ' With unwash't hands, (lest they should give o
 ' To their grip'd stomachs, when a minute's stay
 ' Will make them curse occasions all the day)
 ' I lov'd not so ; my first desires did spring
 ' From my own wrath ; and as a Sacred thing,
 ' I always view thee, whom my zeal commands
 ' Me not prophane with these defiled hands,
 ' 'Tis true, performance is the debt we owe
 ' To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow ;
 ' Yet when the Gods do ravish from our hand,
 ' The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand,
 ' He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
 ' At *Juno's* Altar's bound, and must obey.
 ' But if (being under Vow) the Gods do please
 ' To strike him with a leprous disease,
 ' Or foul infection, which is better now,
 ' Prophane the Altar, or to break the Vow ?
 ' The case is mine ; where then the Gods dispenc
 ' We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
 ' Admit it were an evil, 'tis our best,
 ' Of necessary ills to chuse the least.
 ' The Gods are good : The strict recognizance
 ' Of Vows, is only taken to advance
 ' The good of Man ; now if that good proye ill,
 ' We may refuse, our Vow's intire still,
 ' I vow a marriage ; why ? Because I do
 ' Entirely affect that Man my Vows are to ;
 ' But if some foul disease should interpose
 ' Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our Vows ;

he strict performance of those vows must prove,
 wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
 then urge no more: Let my denial be
 pledge sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.
 ended she: But vehement desire
 at can be quencht with *No*, no more then fire
 h Oyl; and can submit to no condition)
 ds him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician
 peaks, she answers; He afresh replies.
 stoutly lues, as stoutly she denies.
 begs in vain, and she denies in vain,
 she denies again, he begs again.
 ast, both weary, he his suit adjourns;
 Lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
 bids farewell, as if the heart of either
 e but one motion, they both sigh'd together:
 bids farewell, and yet she bids it so,
 f her farewell ended if he go:
 bids farewell, but so, as if delay,
 promis'd better farewell to his stay:
 bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,
 f that farewell had not been the last. (ed,
 sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy heart-
 bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted.
 arted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
 now *Parthenia* weeping all alone,
 like the widow'd Turtle she bewails
 absence of her Mate: Passion prevails
 ve her strength: Now her poor heart can tell
 's Heaven by wanting Heaven: And what's
 er own torments: Sorrow now does play (Hell,
 tyrant's part, Affection must obey;
 like a weather-cock her various mind
 ang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind
 e rate language she deplores her state,
 ain would wish, but then she knows not what.
 ves of this, of that, and then of neither,
 ain would flee but then she knows not whither.

At

At length (consulting with the heartless pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight.
A Pilgrim's weed her liveless limbs addrest
From head to foot: A thong of Leather blest
Her wasted loyns; her feeble feet were shod
With Sandals: In her hand a Pilgrim's rod,
When as th' illustrious Sovereign of the day
Had now begun his circuit, to survey
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthia's* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend
The progress now, which only death can end.

Go helpless Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own virtues; and what else beside,
That may be prosp'rous; may thy merits find
More happiness, than thy distressed mind
Can hope: Live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true Faith, and Love.
Gone, gone she is; but whither she is gone,
The Gods, and fortune can resolve alone.
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc'd to stray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers that so oft beset
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage;
Her broken slumber, her distracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare
Her daily perils, and her nightly scapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapine
Is not my task; who care not to incite,
My Readers passion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)

perceived she was fled, not knowing whither;
 He makes no stay: Consults not with the weather,
 Says not to think, but claps his hasty knees
 To his fleet Courser, and away he flees.
 His haste enquires no way (he needs not fear
 To lose the road, that goes he knows not where.)
 One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
 And now, he gently slacks his prouder reins,
 And climbs the barren hills: With fresh careers
 He tries the right hand way; and then he veres
 His course upon the left: One while he likes
 His path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
 Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
 Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
 Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
 He engraves *Parthenia's* name with his: Then flees
 To the wild champian: His proud Steed removes
 The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves.
 He balks one way, rides over Rocks and Mountain,
 When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,
 He strait dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
 His thirsty lips; and after that to drench
 His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream wherein
Parthenia's dainty Fingers oft had been.
 The Fountain was upon a deep descent,
 Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
 Through a firm Rock, which Art (to make it known
 To after ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone.
 Above the Crystal Fountain's Head was plac'd
Diana's Image (though of late defac'd)
 Beneath a rocky Cistern did retain
 The Water, sliding through the Rocks of *Cane*,
 Whose curious Current the World's greater Eye
 N'er view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty.
 'T was that Fountain where in elder times
 Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rhimes,
 And left them closely hid for his unkind,
 And marble-hearted *Phyllida* to find.

All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new Speed ;
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whither : He pursues
His vow'd adventures, brooking no delay,
And (with a mind as doubtful as the way)
He journies on ; he left no course unthought.
No Traveller unaskt, no Place unsought,

To make a journal of each circumstance :

His change of Fortunes, or each obvious chance
Beset his tedious travel ; To relate

The brave attempt of this exploit, or that ;
His rare Atchievements, and their fair success,

His noble courage, in extreme distress ;

His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance :

His high esteem with Men, which did in chance

His meanest Actions to the throne of *Jove*,

And what he suffer'd for *Parthenia's* Love,

Would make our Volume endless, apt to try

The utmost patience of the studious eye.

All which the bounty of a free conceit,

May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.

But still bright *Cymbia's* head had three times thrice

Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the Eyes

Of gazing Mortals with her Globe of Light,

This restless Lover ceas'd not, Day and Night

To wander, in a solitary quest

For her, whose love had taught him to digest

The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys

But Follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but To

It hapned now, that twice six Months had run

Since wandering *Argalus* had first begun

His toilsome Progress ; who in vain had spent

A year of Hours, and yet no event,

When Fortune brought him to a goodly seat,

(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great

As pleasant ; and less curious to the sight,

Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight

strength; whose only out-side did declare
 the Master's judgment, and the Builders's care.
 round the Castle Nature had laid out
 the bounty of her treasure, round about
 well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
 promis'd Provision for the Winter tide:
 near which the Neighb'ring Hills well-stockt and
 with milk white flocks) did severally afford (stor'd
 their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
 painful Husbandry, the Child of Peace:
 was *Kalander's* seat, who was the Brother
 of lost *Parthenia's* late deceased Mother.
 was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
 never taught to undervalue the condition
 of private Gentry; who prefer'd the love
 of his respected Neighbours, far above
 the apish Congies of the unconstant Court;
 ambitious of a good, not great report;
 loved of his Prince, yet not depending
 on his Favours so, as to be tending
 on his Person: And, in brief, too strong
 within himself, for Fortunes hand to wrong:
 when he came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
 great content, as one that was bereav'd
 of all his joys could take, or who should strive
 to express a welcome to the life could give.
 richly furnish'd Table more express'd
 common bounty, than a curious feast: (ser'd
 whereat the choice of precious Wines were prof-
 eral sort: Not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
 the careful Servants did attend the Room;
 need to bid them, either go or come:
 he knew his place, his office, and could spy
 the Master's Pleasure in his Master's Eye.
 what can relish pleasing to a tast
 if it is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
 please a sick palate? No, there's no content
 when *Argalus*, whose Soul is bent

To tire on his thoughts: *Kalander's* love
(That other times would ravish) cannot move
That fixed heart, which Passion now incites
T' abjure all Pleasures, and forswear delights.

It fortun'd on a Day, that Dinner ending.
Kalander, and his noble Guests, intending
T' exchange their Pleasure in the open air,
A Messenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his employment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near ally'd
To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide
Had so misled, that she does make request,
This night, to be his bold, and unknown Guest
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To find to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
Was to express the bounteous disposition
Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
To entertain) return'd the salutation
Of an unknown Servant; and withal profess'd
A promis'd welcome to so fair a Guest.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble Friends,
(All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uses, and confines
His secret fancy to his own designs)

Mounted their praunsing Steeds to give a meet
To his fair Guest: they met, but at first greet
Kalander stood amaz'd, for he suppos'd
It was *Parthenia*, and thus his thoughts disclos'd

Madam (said he) *if these mine aged Eyes*
Retain that wonted strength, which age denies
To many of my Tears, I should be bold
(In viewing you) to say, I do behold
My Niece Parthenia's Face: Nor can I be
Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.

Thrice noble Sir (she thus reply'd) *your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Paathenia wrong

your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
 (in my judgment) was more fit to be
 foil, than Picture: Yet hath many an Eye
 seen the like Sentence, she not being by.
 more: I have been told that my own Mother
 I'd often to distinguish t' one from t' other.
 Said then *Kalander*: If my rash conceit
 hath made a fault, mine Error shall await
 on your gracious Pardon: I alone
 am not deceiv'd, for never any one
 at view'd *Parthenia's* visage, but would make
 great an error by as great mistake.
 But (Madam for her sake, and for your own,
 whose worth may challenge to it self alone,
 ere service then *Kalander* can express)
 are truly welcome, Enter, and possess
 this Castle as your own; which can be blest
 with nothing more, than in in so fair a guest.
 Whereto the Lady entring, thus reply'd:
 Everlasting Joys be multiply'd
 within these gentle Gates, and let them stand
 lasting Monuments in th' Arcadian Land,
 rare and bounteous Hospitality
 after-times, Let strangers passing by
 kiss their succeeding Heirs, as shall descend
 from such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.
 When as a little respite had repair'd
 her weary Limbs, which travel had impair'd,
 the freeness of occasions did present
 new subjects to discourse, wherein they spent
 so little time: Among the rest, beset
Kalander (often stopt with tears) to tell
 of *Argalus* and lost *Parthenia's* love,
 whose undissembled Passion did move
 general grief, the more that they attended
 to his sad Tale, the more they wisht it ended.
 Madam (said he) although your visage be
 like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree.

Poor Girl: And as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.

My soul doth suffer for Parthenia's sake :
But tell me Sir, did Argalus forsake
His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear ?
How hath he spent his days e're since ? And where ?

Madam (said he) *when as their marriage-day*
Drew near ; mischief, that now was bent to play
Upon the Stage her studied master prize,
With ugly Leprosie did so disguise
Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
To her own self : but Argalus the mirror
Of truest constancy (whose loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vows) did in despite of Fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune
Tb' intended marriage ne'ertheless ; but she
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
And at the last, t' avoid his farther suit,
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the House, and steals away by night :
But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
That she was fled : And being quite bereav'd
Of his just hope, poor Lover, he assays
By toilsome prigrimage to end his days.
Or find her out : Now twice six Months have run
Their tedious courses, since he first begun
His fruitless journey, ranging far and near,
Suffering as many sorrows, as a Year
Could send : And made by the extremes of weather,
Unapt for travel, Fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time shall make,
His wasted Body fit to undertake
His discontinued Progress, and renew
His great request for her, who at first view,
Madam, you seem'd to be.

So said : the Lady, from whose tender eyes
Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
With both their sorrows ; said, *And is there then*
such unexpected constancy in Men ?

Most Noble Sir ;

The too rash desires of a Stranger
May be dispens'd withal, without the danger
of too great boldness, I should make request
to see this noble Lord, in whose rare breast
By your report) more honour doth reside,
than in all Greece ; nay, all the World beside :
I have a message to him ; and am loath
to do it, were I not engag'd by Oath.

Whereat *Kalander*, not in breath, but Action,
Applies himself to give a satisfaction
To her propounded wish, Protraction wastes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he hastes.

Argalus comes down, and after Salutation
giv'n and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion :
My noble Lord ;

Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorin'd your Name
Above all others, let your goodness now
Make good that fair report ; that I may know
By true experience what my joyful ear
Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear :
And if the frailty of a Womans wit
May chance t' offend ; be noble, and remit.

'Then now, (most noble Lord) my native place
Is *Corinth* ; of the self same blood and race
With fair Queen *Helen*, in whose princely Court
I had my birth, my breeding : To be short,
Thither, not many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her Name,
The rare *Parthenia*, so in shape transform'd,
In feature altered, and in face deform'd,
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.

' Long was it e'er her oft repeated vows
 ' And solemn protestations could rouse
 ' My over dull belief; till, at the last,
 ' Some passages that heretofore had past
 ' In secret, 'twixt *Parthenia* and me,
 ' Gave full assurance 't could be none but she.
 ' Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad
 ' As mine and hers could give or take) she had;
 ' So like we were in Face, in Speech, in Growth,
 ' That whosoever saw the one, saw both.
 ' Yet were we not alike in our complexions
 ' So much as in our loves, in our affections:
 ' One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
 ' Could ease us both, but Partners in one grief,
 ' Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
 ' Could find a true content, if not together.
 ' The strange Occurrent of her dire misfortune
 ' She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune
 ' A World of Tears from these effused Eyes,
 ' The true partakers of her Miseries,
 ' And as she spake, the accent of her Story
 ' Would always point upon th' eternal glory
 ' Of your rare Constancy, which whoso'er
 ' In after ages shall presume to hear,
 ' And to admire, let him be proclaim'd
 ' A rebel to all Virtue, and (defam'd
 ' In his best Actions) let his leprous name
 ' Or dye dishonoured, or survive with shame.
 ' But ah! What simples can the Hand of Art
 ' Find out to stench a Lover's bleeding Heart;
 ' Or what (alas!) Can human skill apply
 ' To turn the course of Lovers Phlebotomy?
 ' Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
 ' By Fate, which wanton hopes to feed upon,
 ' Works on the very Soul, and does torment
 ' The Universe of Man; which being spent
 ' And wasted in the Conflict, often shrinks
 ' Beneath the Burthen; and so conquer'd, sinks.

All which your poor *Parthenia* knew too well,
 Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
 Th' imperious fury of extreme despair,
 She languish'd, and not able to contrair
 The Will of her victorious Passion; cried
 My dearest *Argalus* farewell, and died.
 My Lord not long before her latest breath,
 Had freely paid the full Arrears to Death,
 She call'd me to her: In her dying hand
 She strained mine, whilst in her Eyes did stand
 A shower of Tears, unwept, and in mine Ear
 She whisper'd so as all the Room might hear.
 Sister (said she) (that Title past between us
 Not undeserv'd; for, all that e're had seen us,
 Mistook us so at least) that latest sand
 My spent hour-glass is now at hand.
 Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,
 Here bequeath to be possess'd by thee;
 And when sweet Death shall clarify my thoughts,
 And drain them from the dregs of all my faults
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
 From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind:
 And let thy prosp'rous Voyage be address'd
 To the fair Port of *Argalus* his breast,
 To whom the Eye of Man did ne'er discover
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a Lover;
 Cast Anchor there; for by his dying breath,
 Nothing can please my soul more after Death,
 And make my joys more respect, than to see
 A marriage 'twixt my *Argalus* and thee.
 His Ring, the pledge betwixt his Heart and mine;
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
 With it unto thy faithful Heart I tender
 My secret Vows; with it I here surrender
 All right and title that I had or have
 In such a blessing as I now must leave.
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name
 That love be bare to me, the very same

That

That he transfer on thee: take no denial,
Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal.
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter,
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to falter:
Fain would she utter more, but her spent Tongue
(Not able to go farther) fail'd, and clung
To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,
She lay, and on a sudden, did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cried,
Farewel my dearest Argalus, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this Office be
Unsuitable to my Sex, and disagree
Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
Or my poor state, more like to find derision
Than satisfaction; yet, my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary meritis do afford
Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse
The breach of Custom, or the common Use:
Wherefore, incited by the dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, by mine own affections
And by the excellence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithful heart,
A heart, to you devoted, which assures
Itself no happiness, but in being yours.
Pardon my boldness, they that shall reprove
This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love.
And why should Custom do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the privilege of our Tongue?
If Nature gives us freedom to affect,
Why then should Custom bar us to detect
The grief of Nature? She that is in pain
Hath a sufficient Warrant to complain.
Then give me leave, (my Lord) to re-inforce
A Virgin's suit, and (thinking ne're the worse
Of proffer'd love) let my desires thrive,
And freely accept what I so freely give.

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear

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his gracious words : But *Argalus*, whose passion
had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
had given an earnest of such obsequies,
and his adjourned sorrow had intended
to do at full, and therefore recommended
to privacy; true grief abhors the light;
who grieves without a Witness grieves aright.
his passion thus suspended for a while,
and yet not so, but that it did recoil
(strong signs) he wip'd his tear bedewed eyes,
and turning to the Lady, thus replies :

Madam,
no less rare then noble favours show
how much you merit, and how much I owe
your great desert, which claims more thankfulness
then such a dearth of language can express :
the most of all, I stand for ever bound
that your goodness my *Parthenia* found
her distress, for which respect (in duty
I am ty'd) poor *Argalus* shall repute ye
the flower of noble courtesie, and proclaim
your high deservings. Lady, as I am
poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn
of all posterity, distressed, forlorn ;
unworthy the least favour you can give,
in your slave, your Beadsman will I live ;
for this weighty matter you propound
though I see how much it would redound
to my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
(lost excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
what else you needed not perswade me to ;
trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
to carve according to my pleasure, none
but you should challenge it, but while I live,
it is *Parthenia's* and not mine to give.

Whereto,

Whereto she thus replies: Most noble Sir,
 Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart again,
 Dissolv'd your vows, dislink'd that secret chain,
 Which ty'd your souls: nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
 Is grown a debt that thru art bound to pay:
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
 The longer time her soul is dispossest
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus
 Pausing a while, return'd his Answer thus:

Incomparable Lady,
 When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we link'd our dear affections,
 And with the solemn power of an Oath,
 In presence of the better Gods, we both
 Exchang'd our hearts: In witness of which thing,
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
 Which now you wear; by which she did resign
 Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
 Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she, (poor Lady!) to bequeath?
 Madam, in her, began my dear affection;
 In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
 In her it joy'd, although but ill-befriended
 By fate: In her begun, in her it ended.
 If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd
 Parthenia's Beauty, I had soon been mov'd
 To moderate my sorrow, and to place
 That love on you, that have Parthenia's face;
 But 'was Parthenia's self I lov'd, and love;
 Which as no time hath power to remove

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From my fix'd heart, so nothing can diminish
 No Fortune can dissolve, no Death can finish.
 With mingled frowns and smiles she thus reply'd,
 Half in a rage, and must I be deny'd?

Are these the noble Favours I expected?
 To find disgrace? And go away rejected?

Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
 Suit not your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the misery of my state,
 Which makes my Lips to speak they know not what:
 Mistake not him that only studies how
 With most advantage still to honour you.
 Alas! What joys I ever did receive
 From Fortune, 's buried in Parthenia's grave,
 With them; e'er long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
 I hope to meet; and never part again.

So said, with more than Eagle-winged hast,
 She flew into his Bosom, and imbrac'd
 In her clos'd Arms, his sorrow-wasted waist;
 Surchang'd with joy, she wept, not having power
 To speak. Have you beheld an April shower
 Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
 Then storms afresh, thro' whose transparent drops
 The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys
 The brighter glory of his retulgent rays?
 Even so, within her blushing Cheeks resided
 A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided:
 So even divided, no Man could say, whether
 She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together:
 She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
 Whose Passion now had Licence to discover
 Some words. *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
Chear up my Argalus, these words of mine
Are thy Parthenia's, as Parthenia's thine:
Believe it (Love) these are not false alarms,
Thou hast thy own Parthenia in thine Arms.

Like

Like as a Man whose hourly wants implore
Each Meals relief, drudging from Door to Door,
That hears no dialect from churlish lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure
New lost: departs, and, joyful beyond measure,
Is so transported, that he scarce believes
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision
Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
His easie Faith too soon; for fear his heart
Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where stop'd by Passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began: 'O you eternal powers
' That have the guidance of these Souls of ours
' Who by your just prerogative can do
' What is a sin for Men to dive into:
' Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
' For thoughts, too deep for Man t' enquire why
' Delude dot these mine eyes with the false show
' Of such a joy, as I must never know
' But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
' O let me never wake again; to see
' My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t' enjoy
' A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended
He blest himself; and (with a sigh) unbended
His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
He cast his rolling eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himself alone;
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone.
His own distemper'd passion grew extream,
' I knew, I knew (*said he*) 'twas but a dream,
' A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
' Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble:

' Which

Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
 And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.
 I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,
 Which waking makes my wants the more extreme:
 I know 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
 A bliss, which waking I should ne'er enjoy.
 My dear *Parthenia* tell me, Where, O where
 Art thou that so delud'st mine eye, mine ear?
 Oh that my waken'd fancy had the might
 To represent unto my real sight
 What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
 Might surfeit with excess of joy, and die.
 With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
 Was all this while, by fire to draw out fire,
 And by a well-advised course to smother
 The fury of one passion with another)
 Came in, and said: *Then, Argalus, take thou
 My true Parthenia: Thou dream'st not now.
 Hold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
 The constancy of our divided heart:
 Hold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
 A world of tears, unpity'd, unlamented:
 Hold this face, that bad of late the power
 To curse all Beauty, yet itself secure:
 I know that Taper, whose prophetic snuff
 Was outed and revived with one puff:
 And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
 'Twas I that roar'd beneath the scourge of Grief,
 When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
 My face, and then the Taper for revealing
 My foul a face; 'twas I, that overcome
 My violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
 To all the urg'd persuasions: it was I,
 That, in thy absence, did resolve to die
 A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led
 By Fortune to my death, and therefore fled.
 To see! the Powers above can work their ends
 In spite of mortals; and what Man intends*

The Heavens dispose, and order the event :
 For when my thoughts were desperately bent
 To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
 (Through dangers now too tedious to relate)
 To fair Queen Helen's Court, not knowing whither
 My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
 My Genius brought me ; where, unknown to any,
 I mourn'd in silence, tho' observ'd by many,
 Reliev'd by none ; at length, they did acquaint
 The fair Queen Helen with my strange complaint ;
 Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
 With mine, partaking in my miseries :
 Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
 The woful case of my disastrous Fortune,
 And never rested till she did enforce
 These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse ;
 Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
 Her own Chyrurgeon, to whose skilful hand
 She left my foul Disease, who in the space
 Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this Face.
 The Cure perfected, straight she sent about
 (Without my knowledge) to enquire out
 That party, for whose sake I was contented
 To endure such Grief, with patience, unrepented ;
 Hoping (since by her means, and help of Art
 My Face was cur'd) ev'n so to cure my Heart.
 But when the welcome Messengers return'd
 The place of thy abode, Oh ! how my spirit burn'd
 To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court !
 But she (whose favours did transcend report
 As much as they exceeded my desert)
 Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part
 With her poor handmaid, till at last, pretending
 A Lover's haste, and freely apprehending
 So just a cause of speed, she soon befriended
 My best desires, and sent me thus attended :
 Where (under a false mask I laid this plot,
 To see how soon my Argalus had forgot

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is dead Parthenia ; but my blessed ear
 hath heard what few or none must hope to hear.
 Now farewell Sorrow, and let old Despair
 seek new breasts ; let mischiefs never dare
 tempt our hearts ; let Argalus enjoy
 his true Parthenia ; let Parthenia's joy
 revive him ; let each be bless'd in either,
 and bless'd by Heav'n, that brought us both together.
 With that the well-nigh broken-hearted Lover,
 ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover
 his long-spent words : 'And do these eyes once more
 behold what their extreme despair gave o'r
 To hope for ? Do these wretched eyes attain
 The happiness to see this face again ?
 And is there so much happiness yet left
 for a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
 Of pow'r t' enjoy what Heav'n had pow'r to give ?
 Breaths, my *Parthenia* ? does *Parthenia* live ?
 Who ever saw the Pole-affecting Stone
 hidden pow'r (a pow'r as yet unknown
 to our confin'd and darken'd Reason) draw
 the neighbouring Steel, which by the mutual Law
 of Natures secret working, strives as much
 to be attracted, till they join and touch :
 'N so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
 each other strongly in each others arms ;
 'N so they meet, and with unbounded measure
 of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
 enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
 sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses ;
 Here for a while I leave them to receive
 that pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.
 Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
 abuse our Scene : Let not the slanderer
 corrupt our Lines, or make an obscene Gloss
 upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
 with our refined Gold, extracting sorrow
 from sweet, and poyson from so fair a flower.

Correct your wandring thoughts; and do not fear
To think the best; Here is no *Tarquin* here;
No lustful no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An Age of honour, for a Night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adult desire; Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem'd less dear
Their lives than honours, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching ears desires to know

What secret conference past betwixt these two
To them my muse thus answers: 'When your case
' Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
' True honour, as these noble Lovers did,
' And you shall know, Till then they are forbid
' To enquire further: Only this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a Marriage-day:
Which that it may succeed with fairer Fortune,
Readers, she moves your Pleasures to importune
The better Gods. ' That they would please to app
' Their Griefs with joy, and smile upon that day

Argalus and Parthenia.

BOOK III.

When sturdy *March* his storms are over
blown,
And *April's* gentle showers are slidden
down

to close the wind-chap'd Earth, succeeding *May*
enters her Month, whose early breaking-day
calls Ladies from their easie Beds to view
sweet *Maja's* Pride, and the discolour'd hiew
of dewy-breasted *Flora* in her bower.

Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
her fancy likes: Wherewith to be posselt,
until it fade, and wither in the breast.

Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
sits the Banks of his beloved Isles:

Polus calls in the Winds, and bids them hold
their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathless are con-
fuch one retires, and shrinks into his seat, (troll'd.
and Sea-green *Trition* sounds a shrill retreat.

and thus at length, our Pinnacle is past o'er
the Bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.

Up, now in earnest (Voyagers) and stand ye
on your faint Legs, our Long-boat strait shall land
forget your Travels now, and lend your Eyes (ye
from your past Dangers, to your present-prize:

You traffick not for Toys : The Gods have set
 No other price to things of price, but sweat.
 Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd
 Goods easily purchas'd are as easily priz'd :
 You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
 Was not to compass the Almighty Gravel
 Of th'*Indian* Mines, to ballast your Estates ;
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honour*, whose poor date
 Depend on Regal smiles, and have no measures
 But Monarchs wills, expiring with their pleasure
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
 The dangerous Title of a *Sovereign*.

These are poor things : It is but false discretion
 To toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession.
 No, we are bound upon more brave Adventures
True Honour, Beauty, Vertue, are the Centers
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend
 And Heav'n hath brought our Voyage to an end

Hail, Noble *Argalus*, now the Cockboat stands
 Secure ; step forth, spread forth thy wid'ned hands
 And take the fairest Bride into thine arms.
 Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms
 Upon her melting lips ; take Toll before
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore :
 So let her slide upon thy gentle breast,
 And feel the ground, then lead her to her rest.
 Go Imps of Honour, let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his Beams upon
 Your Marriage Triumph ; let his Western light
 Decline apace, and make an early night.
 Go, Turtles, go ; let trebble joys betide
 The faithful Bridegroom, and his fairest Bride.
 Let your own Virtues light you to your rest :
 To morrow come we to your Nuptial Feast.

By this the curl'd pate Waggoner of Heav'n
 Had finish'd his diurnal course, and driv'n
 His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,
 When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfil

Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
 To see her Brother leave the Hemisphere,
 Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
 And call'd *A Pearly Dew* upon the ground ;
 Till as the night, no language did molest
 The waking ear ; all mortals were at rest ;
 No breath of wind had power to provoke
 The *Aspine-Leaf*, or urge th'aspiring smoke ;
 Sweet was the air and clear ; no Star was hid ;
 No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
 The wild *Astronomer* to gaze, and look
 Into the secrets of his spangl'd Book ;
 Whilst round about, in each resounding Grove,
 As if the *Choristers* of the night had strove
 (Excell) the warbling *Philomel* compares,
 And vies by turns her *Polyphonian* Airs.
 And now the horn-mouth'd Bell-man of the night
 Had sent his midnight summons to invite
 Nights rav'nous rebels from their secret holds,
 To roam and visit the secure folds,
 Whilst drowzy *Morpheus* with his leaden Keys
 Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays
 The scatter'd Flocks, which lie like Sacrifices,
 Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
 By this the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night
 Had re-surrender'd up her borrow'd light,
 And to the other World she now retires,
 Attended with her train of lesser fires,
 And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
 To usher *Titan* from his Purple Bed ;
 The gray-ey'd *Fanitor* does now begin
 To ope his Eastern Portals, and let in
 The new-born day, who having lately hurl'd
 The shades of night into the lower World,
 The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
 Her Purple Curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;
 And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,
Don Phæbus rouzes his refulgent head ;

That

That with his all-discerning Eye surveys,
 And gilds the Mountains with his morning Rays,
 Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
 Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
 Salutes the welcome light, which now at length
 Shall crown his heart with joys beyond the strength
 Of mortal language, whose religious fires
 Shall light those Lovers to their wish'd desires.

Up, *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial Weeds,
 T'enjoy that joy from whence all joy proceeds:
 Enter those joys from whence all joy proceeds:
 Up, *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial Weeds.

And thou fair Bride, more beauteous than the day
 Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
 Awake and rouse thee from thy downy slumber:
 Thy day is come: Oh! may thy joys out-number
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
 Arise, and bid thy Maiden-Bed adieu;
 Put on thy Nuptial Robes, Time calls away;
 Oh! may thy after-day be like this day.
 By this bright *Phæbus* with redoubled Glory
 Had half way mounted to the highest story
 Of his Olympick Palace, there to see
 This long-expected day's solemnity:
 When all on sudden there was heard (around
 From ev'ry quarter) the Majestick sound
 Of many Trumpets, all in Consort running
 One Point of War, transcending far the cunning
 Of mortal blasts: and, what did seem more strange
 The shrill-mouth'd Musick did as sudden change
 To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious Airs,
 By *Lyrick* Songs, and Voices like to theirs
 Who charm'd *Ulysses*. Whilst th'amazed ear
 Stood ravish'd at these changes, it might hear
 Those Voices (by degree) transform'd to Lutes,
 To Shalms, deep-throated Sackbuts, and to Flutes,
 And etcho-forcing Cornets, which surpass'd
 The Art of Man. This Harmony did last

Until

Until the Bridegroom came : but all men wonder'd
 To hear the noise ; some thought the Heav'ns had
 To a new Tune, and some more wiser ears (thunder'd
 Conceiv'd it was *the Musick of the Spheres*.
 All wonder'd, all men gaz'd, and all cou'd hear ;
 But none knew whence the Musick was, or where.
 Forthwith, as if the second Sun had rose,
 And strove with greater brightness to depose
 The Glory of the first, the Bridegroom came,
 Sherr'd along with Eagle-winged Fame,
 Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast
 Inspire a thousand Trumpets as he past.
 His Nuptial Vesture was of Scarlet Dye,
 So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
 To gaze upon't ; to which the curious Art
 Of the laborious Needle did impart
 So great a Glory, that you might behold
 A rising Sun imboss'd with purest Gold,
 From whence ten thousand trails of Gold came down
 In waving points, like Sun-beams from the Sun.
 Thus from his Chamber midst the vulgar Crowd
 Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy Cloud
 The long-expected Bridegroom came, and past
 Th' amazed Multitude, till at the last
 His Herauld brought him to the Hall of State,
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
 To welcome his approach, and, to discharge
 The lower Volley of their joys at large.
 The Hall was spacious, light'some, and bestrow'd
 With *Flora's* Wealth (a bounty that she ow'd
 This glorious Feast ;) the Walls were richly clad
 With curious Tap'stry (such as *Greece* ne'er had
 Before that day) wherein you might behold,
 Wrought to the life, in colour'd Silk and Gold,
 This present story of these peerless Lovers,
 Which like a silent Chronicle discovers
 The several passages that did befall
 Twixt their first meeting and their Nuptial :

Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in Greece,
 Presented to this Triumph, as a piece
 Devoted to the Memory and Fame
 Of *Argalus* and his *Parthenia's* Name.
 No sooner were the Ceremonies ended,
 (Wherein each Noble Spirit more contended
 T'express affection, than affect th'expression
 Of courtly Rhet'rick, in bare Profession
 Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
 Of rudely mingled Voices flew throughout
 The spacious Castle, which confus'dly cry'd,
Foy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.
 Forthwith (as if that Heav'n had broken loose,
 And Deities had meant to interpose
 Their heav'nly Bodies with the mortal Tribe
 Of Men, or else intending to ascribe
 Their pers'nal Honour to this Nuptial)
 In more than Princely State enters the Hall
 A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd
 In rare and costly Robes, and richly laid
 With Jems unvalu'd; and each Lady wore
 A Scarf upon her Arm, embroider'd o'er
 With Gold and Pearl. Thus hand in hand they pa
 Into the Hall; but oft their eyes did cast
 A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind
 Some greater Glory coming on behind.

Next after them came on the Virgin Crew
 In milk-white Robes (Virgins that never knew
 The sacred Myst'ries of the Marriage-bed,
 Nor, finding trouble in a Maiden-head,
 E'er lent a thought to Nuptial Joys till now.)
 Thus past these Buds of Nature two by two:
 Their long dishevell'd Tresses dangl'd down
 With careless Art, and on each Head a Crown
 Of golden Laurel stood. Their faces shrouded
 Beneath a Veil, seem'd as the Stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in Frosty Winters Even,
 When all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Heaven

e fully kindl'd, how the ruddy face
 rising *Cymbia* looks? With what a grace
 e views the Throne of Darkness, and aspires
 'Olympick brow, amidst the smaller fires?
 after all these sparks of Beauty, came
 hey were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
 e fair *Parthenia*. Thus the rose-cheek'd Bride
 ter'd the Room; a milk-white Veil did hide
 er blushing Face, which ne'ertheless discloses
 me glimpse of red, like *Lawn* o'rspreading *Roses*.
 us entred she. The Garments that she wore
 ere made of Purple Silk, bespangl'd o'er
 ith Stars of purest Gold, and round about
 ch several Star went winding in and out
 train of Orient Pearl, so rarely wrought,
 at as the *Garments* mov'd you wou'd have thought
 e *Stars* had twinkl'd: her dishevell'd Hair
 ng down behind, as if the only care
 d been to reconcile Neglect and Art,
 ng loosely down, and veil'd the backer part
 of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
 at every breath wou'd wave it to and fro,
 ke flying Clouds, thro' which you might discover
 etimes one glim'ring Star, sometimes another:
 us on she went; her ample Train supported
 thrice three Virgins, ev'nly siz'd and sort'd,
 Purple Robes: Forthwith the *Bridegroom* rises
 om off his Chair; bows down, and sacrifices
 e peaceful offering of a morning Kiss
 on her lips: *To such a Saint as this*
 ! what rebellious heart could choose but bow,
 d offer freely the perpetual Vow
 choice Obedience?
 With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
 d with a posture full of Princely Grace
 utes the lovely Bride, with words expressing
 e joyful model of a Kingdom's blessing.

But

But hark ! the *Hymenean* Trumpet sends
 Her latest Summons forth : *Hymen* attends
 The Noble Pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
 Their promis'd Band ; the sacred Altars smoke
 With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the way was strow'd
 With *Flora's* Pride, and the expecting Crowd
 Have throng'd the streets, and ev'ry greedy eye
 Attends to see the Triumph passing by.

At length the Gates flew open ; On this fashion
 Began the Triumph : First, a Proclamation
 Was made with a loud Voice : *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or of what'er degree,
Professing Arms or Honour in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A Title to Parthenia's Heart, or claim
A Right or Interest in her Love or Name :
Let him come forth in Person, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here ;
And by the excellent Honour of a Knight
He shall receive such honourable Right
As the just Sword can give : Let him now come
And speak, or else for evermore be dumb. (can

Thrice was it read ; which done, forthwith the
 True Honour's Eagle-winged Herald Fame,
 Sounding a Silver Trump ; and as she past,
 She shook the Earth's foundation with her blast.

Next after whom, in undissembl'd state
 The *Bridegroom* came ; On his right hand did w
 The God of War in Martial Robes of Green,
 All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
 But newly wounded, and from ev'ry wound
 Fresh Blood did seem to trickle on the ground :
 And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
 Would seem to pant a while, and then depart.
 Upon the Bridegroom's left hand there attended
 Heav'n's Pursuivant, whose brawny Arm extend
 A winged *Caduce* ; he had scarce the might
 To curb his feet, his feet were wing'd for flight.

Ab

Above his head their hands did jointly hold
 Crimson Canopy emboss'd with Gold.
 Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Five Men at arms, whose Names the world had borrow'd
 For rare Exploits; and twice as many Knights,
 Whose blood had ransom'd and redeem'd the rights
 Of wronged Ladies. These were all array'd
 In Robes of Needle-work, so rarely made,
 That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
 Armour of Steel fair filletted with Gold :
 And as they march'd, their Squires did advance
 Before each Knight his warlike Shield and Lance.
 And after these, the Princely Virgin Bride,
 In whom all eyes were fixed, did divide
 Her gentle paces, being led between
 Two Goddesses, the one array'd in Green,
 In which the curious Needle undertook
 To make a Forest : Here a bubbling Brook
 Divides two Thickets, thro' the which doth fly
 The single Deer before the deep-mouth'd cry
 That closely follows : There th'afrighted Herd
 Stands trembling at the Musick, and afraid
 Of ev'ry shadow, grazes to and fro,
 Not knowing where to stay, or where to go :
 Here in a Landshape you may see the Fawns
 Following their crying Mothers o'er the Lawns.
 The other was in Robes, the purer Dye
 Whereof did represent the mid-day Sky (Beams
 All of black Clouds, thro' which the glorious
 The victorious Sun appears, and seems
 'twere to scatter, and at length to shed
 His brightest Glory on the fruitful Bed
 Of noisom Weeds, from whence you might discern
 A thousand painful Bees extract, and earn
 Their sweet provision, and with laden thighs
 To bear their waxy burdens. On this wise
 The Princely Bride was led betwixt these two :
 The first was she that on *Alban's* brow

Reverend her naked Chastity ; the other (the
Was she to whom *Jove's* pregnant Brain was M
Thro' *Vulcan's* help ; and these did jointly hold
Upon her head a Coronet of Gold :

Whose Train *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With golden wreaths, supported from the ground

Next after her, upon the Triumph waited
An Order by *Diana* new created,
And stil'd, *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white wrought here and there with spots of red
And ev'ry spot appeared as a stain

Of *Lovers* blood, whom their coy hearts had slain,
Rank'd three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of Prime-Roses, and Roses not yet blown.

Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose Glory came not from
Of what th' unlimited and studied Art
Of Glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such Solemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and be excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the Temple, where attended
The sacred Priests, whose voices recommended
The days success to Heav'n, and did divide
A Blessing 'twixt the *Bride*, room and the *Bride*:
Which done, and after low obeisance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said,

Welcome to *Juno's* sacred Courts : Draw near,
Unspotted Lovers, welcome : Do not fear
To touch this holy Ground ; pass on secure ;
Our Gates stand open to such Guests as you are :
Our gracious Goddess grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crowns your Vows, and smiles upon this day.

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves ; that done, they sing'd from the re

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The Noble Bridegroom and his Princely Bride,
 Said, *Our gracious Goddess be our Guide:*
We are yours: And as he spake that word,
 Their well-tun'd Voices sweetly did accord
 With Musick from the Altar, as along
 They past, they gently warbl'd out this Song.

Thus in pomp and priestly pride,
 To glorious Juno's Altar go we;
 Thus to Juno's Altar show we
 The Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.
 Let Juno's bowerly blessing send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

May these Lovers never want
 True joys, nor ever begin vain
 Their choice desires; but obtain
 What they can wish, or she can grant.
 Let Juno's bowerly blessing send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

From saucy, from strife,
 From jealousy, domestic jars,
 From those blows that leave no scars,
 Juno protect your Marriage life.
 Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymen's sacred bands
 We commend your chaste deserts,
 That as Juno link'd your hearts,
 So He wou'd please to join your hands,
 And let both their blessings send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

Sooner was this Nuptial Carol ended,
 bowing to the ground they recommended

This Princely Pair (both prostrate on the floor)
 And with their hands presented them before
 The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
 Two milk-white Turtles, and with Pray'rs besought
 That *Juno's* lasting favours would descend,
 And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder
 Possess'd each trembling heart with fear and wonder
 The Rast'rs of the holy Temple shook,
 As if accursed *Archimago's* Book
 (That cursed Legion) had been newly read :
 The ground did tremble, and a mist o'er-spread
 The darkened Altar.

At length, deep silence did possess and fill
 The spacious Temple ; all was whist and still,
 When from the clouded Altar brake the sound
 Of heav'nly Musick, such as wou'd confound
 With Death or Ravishment the earth-bred ear,
 Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
 So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,
 The mist on sudden vanish'd, and ascended
 From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
 And Ashes lying where the Turtles were :
 Near which great *Hymen* stood, not seen before ;
 His Purple Mantle was embroider'd o'er (behold)
 With Crowns of Thorns, 'mongst which you might
 Some here and there (but very few) of Gold ;
 Upon each little space that did divide
 The several Crowns, a Gordian knot was ty'd :
 And turning to the Priest, he thus began :

*What mean these fumes ? Say, what hath mortal man
 To do with us ? what great request ? what suit
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute
 Our Nostrils, with such acceptable savors ?
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favours
 Of the pleas'd Gods ? For, by th' Eternal Throne,
 And Majesty of Heav'n, it shall be done.*

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Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd,
Great God, this noble Bridegroom and his Bride,
Whom we most humbly here present before
Great Juno's sacred Altar, do implore
Your Gracious Aid, that with your Nuptial Bands
Your Grace would please to tie their promis'd bands.
With that he strait descends the holy stairs,
And with his widen'd Arms divides and shares
An equal Blessing 'twixt 'em both, and said,

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the Mystery of our Power,
First, we consecrate this hour
To Juno's Name, that she may bl'ss
Our prosperous actions with success.
With this Oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your Temples, and with Nuptial Bands
Thus we firmly join your hands:
Be join'd for ever, and let none
Presume undo what we have done:
Be join'd till Lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts: be join'd for ever:
Eternal Curses we allot
To those till then shall loose this Knot.

So said, he blest them both in Juno's Name,
And from their sight he vanish'd in a flame.
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoking Altar: thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well-accepted sound
Of Thanks and Vows from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred Altar, and depart:
And with the self-same Triumphs as they came
Returned, whilst the louder Trump of Fame

With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
 And re-conducts them to the Hall of State,
 Whose richly-furnish'd Table wou'd invite
 A bedrid Stomach to an Appetite,
 And make the wastful Glutton that does eat
 His unearn'd Diet with his daily sweat,
 Behold his Heav'n in a more ample measure
 Than he had hopes to purchase with the treasure
 Of his best Faith; such were the dainties, such
 The Viands, that I dare not think too much
 o term in *Paradise*, where all things did
 Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.
 Soon as the Marshal of this Princely Feast
 Had in his rightful seats plac'd every Guest,
 A soft harmonious Rapture did confine
 All tongues with wonder, as a thing Divine.

Forth, with join'd hands, and smiling faces,
 With habits more unequal than their paces,
 A jolly Pair drew near the Table: th'one
 In Green: His pamper'd body had outgrown
 His seam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over
 With *spreading Vines*, whose fruitful leaves did cover
 Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes
 Star'd in his head; his Dropsy-swoln thighs
 Quogg'd as he went; his Purple-colour'd snout
 Was deeply furnish'd and enrich'd about
 With Carbuncles; around his Brows did twine
 Full laded Clusters ravish'd from the Vine.

The other was a Lady whom the Sun
 With his bright Rays had too much gaz'd upon:
 The colour of her Silken Mantle was
 Twizt Green and Yellow, like the fading Grass:
 On which were wrought enclosed fields of Corn,
 Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, and some unshorn.
 Well-favour'd was her count'nance, plump and round;
 Her golden Tresses dangl'd to the ground;
 Her temples bound with full ripe ears of Wheat,
 Wreath'd like a *Garland*; frequent drops of sweat
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Down from her swarthy brows did sily trickle,
 And in her Sun-burnt hand she held a Sickle.
 Thus usher'd with a Bagpipe to the Table,
 They both stood mute ; *Bacchus* as yet unable
 To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
 Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the Song.

Welcome, fairest Virgin Bride,
 Welcome to our jolly Feast :

Tast what *Ceres* did provide
 For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Bacch. Tast what *Bacchus* did provide
 For so fair, so fair a Guest :
 Welcome, fairest Virgin Bride,
 Welcome to our jolly Feast.

Chor. Our conjoined Bounties do
 Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too.

Ceres. Welcome, Noble Bridegroom, hither ;
 Worlds of bliss and joy attend ye :
 Freely welcome both together,
 See what *Ceres* bounty sends ye.

Bacch. Freely welcome both together,
 See what *Bacchus* bounty sends ye.
 Welcome, Noble Bridegroom, hither ;
 Worlds of bliss and joys attend ye.

Chor. Our conjoined bounties do
 Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too.

Ceres. Here is that whose sweet variety
 Gives you pleasure and delight ;
 Makes you full without satiety,
 Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. This will rouse the Man of War,
 When the Drum shall beat in vain,
 When his spears drooping are,
 This will make them rise again.

Chor. You that jointly do inherit
Venus Beauty, *Mars* his Spirit,
 Freely tast our bounty, so
Mars shall smile, and *Venus* too.

The

The Song thus ended, joining hands together,
 The bow'd and vanish'd, none knew how, nor whi-
 To make relation of each quaint Device, (ther.
 That Art presented their unweari'd eyes;
 The nature of their Mirth, of their Discourse,
 The Dainties of the first, the second Course;
 The sacred glances of the Bridegroom's eye
 On his fair Bride; how oft she blush'd, and why:
 Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,
 Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
 Methinks it grieves me that my Pen should wrong
 Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long;
 And it repents me so, that oftentimes
 Methinks I could be angry with my Rhimes,
 And for the cruel sins that they commit
 In being tedious, some I wish unwrit.
 I let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
 What state, or what to please the appetite,
 The eye, the ear, the fancy; in a word,
 What joy so short a season could afford
 To well prepared hearts, was here exprest
 In this our Nuptial, this our Princely Feast.

Thus when the Board was voided, and the Sewer
 Had now resign'd his Office with the Ewer,
 The gracious Linnen gone, and all the Rites
 Perform'd that 'long to Festival Delights:
 The light-foot *Hermes* tenders in the Hall,
 Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
 To depth of silence; tells them 'tis his task
 To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask
 To grace these Nuptials, and with that he spread
 His air-dividing Pinions, and fled.

[*The Mask of the Gods.*]

When silence thus had charmed every ear
 With wonder and attention, they might hear
 The winged Choristers of night, about
 In every corner, sweetly warbling out

Their

Book 3. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

Their *Philomelian* Air, and wilder Note,
Which Nature taught them to divide by rote :
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,
Wherein, by turns, th'ambitious Choir strove
T'excel themselves.

Whilst that their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, *The Goddess of the Night*
Enters the Scene : Her Body was confin'd
Within the coal-black Mantle, thorough lin'd
With Sable Furs ; her Tresses were of hieu
Like Ebony, on which a pearly Dew
Hung, like a Spider's Web ; her Face did shroud
A swarth Complexion, underneath a Cloud
Of black curl'd Cypress ; on her Head she wore
A Crown of burnish'd Gold, beshaded o'er
With Fogs and rory Mist ; her hands did bear
A Sceptre, and a sable Hemisphere.
She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and brake
A melancholy smile, and thus bespake :

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
Your looser Reins, and use thine idle Whip ;
The pamper'd Steeds are pursie, drive away,
The lower World thinks long to see the Day ;
Darkness befits us best, and our delight
Will relish far more sweeter in the night.
Approach (ye blessed shadows) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly Sports. Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.

With that a sudden Darkness fill'd the Hall ;
The light was banish'd, and the Windows all
So nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That Day could not get in, nor Darkness out.
Thus while the Death-resembling shades of Night
Had drawn their misty Curtains 'twixt the Light
And every darkned eye, which was deny'd
To see, but that which darkness could not hide.

The jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed who fears he not ?) enters the Room,
And with his Club foot groping in the shade
Of Night, he rant-r'd forth these words, and said:

[*Vulcan's Speech.*]

*Where is this wanton Harlot now become ?
Is light so odious to her ? or is home
So homely in her wandering eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, whither unknown to me ?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermeddling Venus must be one ?
Is't not enough that Phœbus does applaud
Her Lust, but must Night's Godeis be her Bawd ?
Darkness be gone, thou Patroness to Lust :
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must.
Away, my Power shall out-charm thy Charms ;
I'll find her panting in her Lover's Arms.
Enter you Lamplights of Eternal Fire,
And let your golden beads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the Night*

Revenge the wrongs of Phœbus with your Light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnish'd round
With lighted Tapers. Every Object found
An Eye to own it, and each Eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the Object it beheld.

As these deviceful Changes did incite
Their quickned fancies with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in : His dreaming pace was so,
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow.
His folded Arms athwart his breast did knit
A Sluggard's knot ; his nodding Chin did hit
Against his panting Bosom as he past,
And oftentimes his Eyes were closed fast ;
He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head,
And in his hand he bore a Mace of Lead ;
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To Night's black Sovereign, he thus begun :

[*Morpheus*

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[Morpheus Speech.]

Great Empress of the World, to whom I owe
My self, my service, my perpetual Vow,
Before the footstool of whose dreadful Throne
The Princes of this lower World lay down -
Their Crowns and Sceptres; whose victorious band
In twice twelve hours didst conquer and command
This Globe of Earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows, and to seize
Upon these weary Mortals, when you please
To appoint: Till then your servant is at hand,
To put in execution your Command.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus reply'd.

[The Goddess of the Night's Speech.]

Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports;
Our sleep-restraining business much imports
Your welcome absence, whilst our ears shall number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber.
The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love—
Descended from her unseen seat above;
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like the full-mouth Tempest thus begun.

[Venus Speech to Morpheus]

Disloyal Sycophant, Death's Bastard-brother,
Accursed Spawn, cast from as curs'd a Mother,
That with thy base Impostures riftest Man
Of half his days, of half that little span
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles:
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my Right,
Perfidious Caniff? Venus Day is Night.
Go to the frozen World, where Man's desire
Is made of ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'er the warmer: Go, and visit Fools,
Or slegmatick old Age, whose Spirit cools

As quickly as their breath. Go, what have we
 To do (dull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or Thee,
 As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought
 But to still Children, or to ease the thought
 Of brain-sick Franticks; or with joys to flatter
 Poor slumbring Souls, which wak'd find no such matter
 Go succour those that vent by quick Retail
 Their Wits upon dear Pennyworths of Ale;
 Or marrow'd Eunuchs, whose adust desire
 Wants means to stoke the fury of their false fire.
 O that I were a Basilisk! that I
 Might dart my Venom, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Dart,
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
 Let fly Death's Arrow; or if thou hast none,
 In Death's name send an Arrow of thine own.
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
 Shoot then, at once revenge thy self and me.

With that the little angry God did bend
 His steel'n Bow, and in Death's name did send
 His winged Messenger, whose faithful haft
 Dispatch'd his ireful errand, and stuck fast
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
 His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
 Morpheus fell down as dead, and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a swoond,
 Gasping for breath. And Lovers Dreams (they say)
 Have ever more been wanton since that day.
 Venus was pleas'd; the Goddess of the Night
 Grew angry; she would needs resign her Right
 Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
 Her Hemisphere, her Sceptre, and her Crown;
 And with a dusky Fog she did besmear
 The Face of Venus, soil'd her golden Hair
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revild
 Both Her, her Cuckold-mate, and Bastard-child:
 Whereat the God of War being much offended;
 Forsook both seat and patience, and descended,

And

and to the World he proffer'd to make good
 his *Venus* Honour with his dearest Blood.
 To whom poor *Vulcan* (puffing in a rage
 To hear his well-known Fortune on the Stage)
 trap'd many a thank, and with his crouching knee
 profess'd true love to such true friends as he.

*And ever since Experience lets us know,
 Buckolds are kind to such as make 'em so.*

By this, God *Morpheus* waking from his swoond,
 began to groan, and from his aking wound
 threw forth the bury'd shaft; but *Mars* (whose word
 admits no other Second but his Sword)
 sheath'd his furious Brand-iron, and let fly
 a blow at *Morpheus* head, which had well nigh
 lov'n him in twain, had not the Queen of Night
 hurl'd hasty Mists before his darkned sight:
 that the Sword, by a false-guiding aim,
 struck *Vulcan's* foot, *which ever since was lame.*

At last the Gods came down, and thought it good
 to nip this early quarrel in the bud;
 who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup
 of bless'd *Nepenthe* took the quarrel up,
 and, for th' offence committed, did proclaim
 his Sentence in offended *Juno's* Name.

[The Sentence.]

Morpheus from hence is banish'd for this Night,
 and not to approach before the morning light.
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a Guest
 judg'd unfitting for a Marriage-Feast.
Pipid is doom'd to roam and rove about
 the Worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Phon is censur'd to perpetual Night,
 and not (unless by stealth) to see the light:
 his chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
 reform'd with madness, doz'd with melancoly.

And here the Musick did invite their paces
 to measure time, and by exchange of places

K.

To

To lead the curious beholder's eye
A willing Captive to variety.

Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of Mirth
They spent their time, as if that Heav'n and Earth
Had study'd to please Man in such a measure,
That Art cou'd do no more t'augment their pleasure,
And so they vanish'd.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her Noble Guests to her renew'd Delights,
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls,
With a full hand presents his swelling Bowls:
Wine came unwith'd, like Water from a source,
And Delicates were mingl'd with Discourse,
What Art could do to make a welcome Guest,
Was lib'rally presented at that Feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glass lab'ring with her latest sand;
Beneath his Arm a buffen Knapsack hung,
Stuff'd full of Writings in an unknown Tongue,
Chronologies, out-dated Almanacks,
And Patents that had long surviv'd their Wax.
Unto his shoulder Eagle-wings were join'd;
His head ill thatch'd before, but bald behind;
And leaning on his crooked Scyth, he made
A little pause, and after that he said:

*Mortals, 'tis out; my Glass is run,
And with it the Day is done:
Dark shadows have expell'd the Light,
And my Glass is turn'd for Night.
The Queen of Darkness bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the Day;
Upon the Day such joys attend,
With the Day such joys must end;
Think not Darkness goes about,
Like Death, to puff your pleasures out.*

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No, no, she'll lend you new Delights,
 She hath Pleasures for the Nights:
 Whenas her shadow shall benight ye,
 She hath what shall still delight ye;
 Aged Time shall make it known,
 She hath Dainties of her own.

'Tis very late; away, away,
 Let Day-sports expire with Day:
 For this time we adjourn your Feast;
 The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:
 And if the Night-pastimes displease ye,
 Day will quickly come and ease ye.

With that, a sweet Vermilion tincture stain'd
 The Bride's fair cheeks; the more that she restrain'd
 Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
 Did overflow; as if a second flood
 Had meant to rise, and for a little space
 To drown that World of Beauty in her Face.
 She blush'd (but knew not why) and, like the Moon,
 She look'd most red upon her going down.

But see! the smiling Ladies do begin
 To join their whisp'ring heads, as there had been
 A Plot of Treason; till at length, unspy'd,
 They stole away th'unwilling willing Bride:
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
 The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial Bed.

By this, the Nobles having recommended
 Their tongue to silence, their discourse being ended,
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done
 Their service to the Bride, the Br de was gone.
 And now the Bridegroom (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay,
 Attended by his Noble Guests, he enters
 That Room where th'interchangable Indentures
 Of dearest Love lay ready to be seal'd
 With mutual Pleasures not to be reveal'd.

His Garments grew too tedious, and their weight
 (Not able to be born) do over-freight

His weary shoulders: *Atlas* never stoopt
 Beneath a greater burden, and not droopt.
 No help was wanting, for he did receive
 What sudden aid he could expect or have
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
 The time, unless, perchance, by over-haste.
 Mean while a dainty warbling breast, not strong,
 As sweet, presents this *Epithal'mion* Song.

M *An of War, march bravely on,*
The Field's not easie to be won;
There's no danger in that War,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.
Here's no Cold to chill thee,
A Bed of Down's thy field;
Here's no Sword to kill thee,
Unless thou please to yield.
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.
These be Wars of Cupid's making,
These be Wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Calls your forces hence away.
These be Wars that make no spoil;
Death here shoots his shafts in vain:
Tho' the Soldier get a foil,
He will rouse and fight again.
These be Wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual Peace.
Let benign and prosperous Stars
Breathe success upon these Wars,
And when thrise-three months be run,
Be thou Father of a Son;
A Son that may derive from thee
The Honour of true Merit,
And may to Ages yet to be
Convey thy Blood, thy Spirit.

Making

*Making the Glory of his Fame
Perpetuate and crown thy Name,
And give in Life in spite of Death,
When Fame shall want both Trump and Breath.*

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ng,

Have you beheld in a fair Summers even
The golden-headed Charioteer of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
His panting Horses to their Journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a swift career
He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,
And in a moment shoots his golden head
Upon a Pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed?
Y'n so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
More swift than Time switch'd on with Pleasure)
To his Nuptial Bed. And, look how fast (springs
The stooping Falcon clips, and with what haste
Her Talons seize upon the timorous prey:
Y'n so his Arms (impatient of delay)
His circling Arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests;
That Mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tired patience. Too much sweet offends:
Sometimes to be forsaken of our Friends,
Cupid's Morals is observ'd to be
The fruits of Friendship in the best degree.
And thus at last the Curtains being clos'd,
They left them in each others Arms repos'd.

ing

'And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too;
Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But veil thy understanding with a blank,
Think not on what thou think'st; and if thou canst,
Yet understand not what thou understand'st;
Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds;
Or if perchance unsown they spring like weeds,

' Use them as weeds thou know'st not how to kill,
 ' Slight 'em, and let 'em thrive against your will;
 ' View them like evils Art cannot prevent,
 ' But see thou take no pleasure in the scent.
 ' And one thing more: Whenas the morning light
 ' Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
 ' Be not too cruel; let no wanton eye
 ' Disturb and wrong her conscious Modesty:
 ' And if she blush, examin not for what;
 ' Nay, tho' thou see it (*Reader*) see it not.
 And shall our story discontinue here,
 Or want a Period till another year?
 Shall we befriend these Lovers with the night,
 And leave them bury'd in their own delight,
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne'er be said
 That Marriage-joys end in the Marriage-bed.
 Fond and adult'rate is that Love, which founds
 Her happiness on such unstable grounds,
 And like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
 But as the Pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the Light
 Is even as welcome to him as the Night;
 His eyes are fix'd upon his lovely Bride,
 Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side:
 She sleeps, he views her; thrice his mind was bent
 To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent.
 Sometimes his Lips with a stoln Kiss would greet
 Her guiltless Lips. (*They say, stoln Goods are sweet.*)
 At length she wakes, and hides her blushing cheek
 In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks
 For Sanctuary, whereunto should fly
 The guilt of her protected Modesty.
 He smiles, and whispers in her deafned ear;
 (*Women can understand, add yet not hear.*)
 He speaks, but she (*ev'n whilst his lips were breaking*
Their words) with hers did stop his lips from speaking
 When thrice three Suns had now almost outworn
 The rare Solemnities that did adorn

These

These Princely Nuptials, and had made report
 Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
 The Bridegroom, whose endeavours were address'd
 To practise what might please his fair Bride best,
 Resolv'd to leave *Kalander's* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commander of her own.

Long was it e'er *Kalander's* liberal ear
 Cou'd be unlock'd ; it had no power to hear
 The word, Farewell. Still *Argalus* intreated,
 And fram'd excuses ; which he soon defeated.
 But as the stout *Alcides* did cashier
 One rising head, another would appear :
 Ev'n so, whilst his ingenious love did smother
 One cause of parting, he would find another.

Kalander thus at last (being over-wrought
 With words that importunity had taught
 Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
 To yield, what he so long gainsaid in vain.
 'Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go ;
 But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so :
 There is no parting, till the aged Sire
 Shall warm his Fingers by *Parthenia's* fire.
Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest,
 Till he become *Parthenia's* promis'd Guest.

To morrow next, when *Titan's* early Ray
 Had given fair earnest of a fairer day,
 And with his trembling Beams had repossess'd
 The eyes of Mortals newly rouz'd from Rest,
 They left *Kalander's* Castle, and that night
 Arriv'd there at the *Palace of Delight*,
 (For so 'twas call'd ;) it was a goodly seat,
 Well chosen, not capacious as neat ;
 Yet was it large enough to entertain
 A Potent Prince with all his Princely Train :
 It seem'd a Centre to a Park, well stor'd
 With Deer, whose well-thriv'n Bounty did afford
 Continual pleasure and delight ; nay, what
 The Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not ?

Th'im-

Th'impatient Faulc'ner here may learn to say
 Forgotten pray'rs, and bless him ev'ry day ;
 The patient Angler here may tire his wish,
 And (if he please) may *swear*, and yet *catch fish* ;
 The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
 And ne'er want sport until his Powder's done ;
 And, to conclude, there was no flint, no measure,
 To th'*Old Man's Profit*, or the *Young Man's Pleasure* :
 Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone,
 And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own.
 But would you hear what entertainment past ?
 Conceive it rather ; for my Quill would waste
 Th'unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
 While such free bounty cannot stand with Rhime :
 But that which most did season and embellish
 Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
 To their best mirth and pleasures, was to see
 With what a sweet conjugal harmony
 All things were carry'd, ev'ry word did prove
 To add some acquisition to their Love.
 So one they were, that none could justly say
 Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey :
 He rul'd, because she would obey ; and she
 In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he.
 What pleased him would need no other cause
 To please her too, but only his applause :
 A happy Pair, whose double life but one,
 Made one life double, and the single none.

Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the Night
 Had chang'd her sharp'n'd horns for an orb of light,
 ✓ *Kalander* (whose occasions grew too strong,
 And may not be dispens'd withal too long)
 Takes leave, and being equal heavy-hearted
 With sad *Parthenia* for his haste, departed :
 But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
 Himself with more advantage than alone)
 And fair *Parthenia* (whose well pleas'd desire
 Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need not the help of any to augment
 The better joys of their retir'd content ;
 Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
 Their gentle paces to her proud delight ; (pleasure,
 Sometimes the well-stor'd Park wou'd change their
 And tender to her view the light-foot treasure :
 Where th'unmolested Herd wou'd seem to stand,
 And crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand :
 Sometimes her steps wou'd climb th'ambitious *Tow'r*;
 From whose aspiring top they might discover
 A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
 But *Argalus* durst challenge as his own ;
 Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
 Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
 Upon his lips, and now and then a Kiss
 Would interpose like a Parenthesis,
 Between their semi-circl'd Arms inclos'd.
Oh ! what dull spirits could be dispos'd
to read such lines !) and whilst upon the Book
 His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look
 Upon the graceful Reader, and espy
 A story far more pleasing in his eye.
 Upon a day as they were closely seated,
 Her ears attending whilst his lips repeated
 A story treating the renown'd Adventures
 And famous Acts of Great *Alcides*, enters
 A Messenger, whose count'nance did bewray
 A haste too serious to admit delay :
 His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
 Their sealed errand from th'*Arcadian* King ;
 Hereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside ;
 Her thoughts were troubled ; ever as she ey'd
 The Messenger, her Colour comes and goes :
Parthenia fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows
 Not what to fear ; her jealous heart knows how
 To fear an evil, 'cause it fears to know :
 And as he read the Lines, her eyes were fix'd
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt

A thousand thwarting Passions. Once he cast
 His eyes on her, and finding hers so fast
 On his, he blush'd, she blush'd, both blush'd together
 Because they blush'd for what, unknown to either.
 The Letter being read (and having kiss'd
Basilus Name) he speedily dismiss'd
 The Messenger, with promise to obey
Basilus just Commands without delay.
 That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand;
 His dear *Parthenia* by the trembling hand;
 And to her greedy eye he strait presents
 The Paper, blacken'd with its sad Contents:
Parthenia with a fearful slowness took it,
 And with a fearful haste did overlook it;
 Her face being blanch'd with the palid signs
 Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these Lines.

BASILUS REX.

W Hereas the famous and victorious Name
 Of great *Amphialus* makes the Trump of Fame
 Breathe nothing but his Conquests and Renown:
 Whose lawless Actions Fortune strives to crown
 (In spite of Justice) with a Victor's Merit,
 Respecting more the Greatness of his Spirit
 Than Justice of his Cause, to the dishonour
 Of Virtue, and all those that wait upon her:
 And furthermore, Where his Pow'r is known
 To oppugn the Welfare of our State and Crown
 With strong Rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyal Glory, and inbancement
 Of his perfidious Name, the great increase
 Of Factions, and disturbance of our Peace:
 Likewise, Whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne'er be equall'd yet, much less o'ercome,
 But with loud Triumph still does carry home

BOOK 3.
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The spoils of our lost Honour, to the Fame
Of his rebellious Glory, and our shame:
We therefore in our Princely Care propending
The serious premises, and much depending
On your known Courage, have selected You
To stand our Champion Royal, and renew
Our wasted Honour, with your Sword and Lance,
In equal Duel. Thus you shall advance
The glorious pitch of your renowned Name
With the brave purchase of eternal Fame:
In this you shall revive our dying Glory,
And live the Subject of this Age's Story,
(Which shall be read till Time shall have an end)
And tie Basilus your perpetual Friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble
Kinsman *Argalus*.

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome Message, and at length she said,

Alas me! (my *Argalus*) was't this you made
Such haste to answer? did that Answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?
Can you, Oh! can you be so quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, and be gone?

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whole eye
Was fix'd upon his Honour) made reply,
'My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain
'The vnsumm'd Wealth of *Pluto*, or to gain
'The sovereignty o'th' Earth without expence
'Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
'Of danger, my Ambition would despise
'The easie Conquest of so great a Prize,
'If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
'The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye:
'But to recal my promise, or forsake
'That resolution Honour bids me make.
'In this behalf, or to betray that trust
'Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust,

(And

' (And not themselves) if they wou'd but command
 ' Or urge me with an over-swaying hand.
 ' My dear *Parthenia*, let no false suggestion
 ' Abuse my passion, or presume to question
 ' My dearest Love ; tho' Honour bids us part,
 ' Yet Honour cannot rob thee of my heart :
 ' Honour, that calls me with her loud Alarms,
 ' Will bring me back with triumph to thine Arms.

So said, the sad *Parthenia* (whose tears
 Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
 To tempt her language: *Griefs that are but small*
Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all.

But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
 Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the Room,
 And with a breast as full of pensive Care
 As Honour, gave directions to prepare
 His Warlike Steed, his Martial Attire.

And here, O thou, thou great supreme Protectress
 Of bolder Spirits, and the sole Directress
 Of lofty-flying Quills, which shall derive
 To after-times what glorious Swords atchieve,
 And mak'st the Actions of Heroick Spirits
 Perpetuate, and crown their Names, their Merits,
 Illustrious *Clio*, aid me, and inspire
 My ragged Rhimes with thy Diviner Fire ;
 Teach me to raise my Stile, and to attain
 A pitch that may transcend the vulgar strain.
 Reach me a Quill rent from an Eagles Wing,
 And let my Ink be Blood, that I may sing
 Death to the life ; Let him that reads, expound
 Each dash a Sword, and ev'ry word a Wound.

By this the Champion Royal had put on
 His Martial Weeds ; but hastning to be gone,
 The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold Fit past
 (Like those in Agues) now does burn as fast :
 She leaves the lonely Room, and coming out,
 She finds her *Argalus* enclos'd about

With

With glittering Walls of Steel, apparell'd round
 In his bright Arms, (whom she had rather found
 Lock'd up in hers) and wanting nothing now
 But what her lips could not, poor soul! allow
 Without a Sea of Tears, her last farewell,
 He ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
 Upon her Knees, she clasp'd him by the Arm,
 And looking up, she thus began to charm.

My Argalus, my Argalus, my Dear:
 And wilt thou go, and leave Parthenia here?
 Wilt thou forsake me then? And can these Tears
 Not intercede between thy deafned ears
 And my sad suit? Canst thou, Oh! canst thou go,
 And leave the poor distress'd Parthenia so?
 Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore,
 Parthenia begs, that never begg'd before.
 Remember, Oh! remember you are now
 Under the power of a sacred Vow.
 Honour must stoop to Vows, which once being crack'd,
 You cannot do an honourable Act.

Have a Right unto you, you are mine;
 Have that Int'rest which I'll ne'er resign
 Till death. I'll never hazard to forgo
 My whole Estate of happiness at one throw.
 No, no, I will not; I will hold thee fast,
 In spite of Honour, and her nine-days blast.
 Our former acts have given sufficient proof
 To the wide World, your Valour's known enough,
 Without a fairer trial, there's enough
 To lose their lives (less worthy) besides You.
 Was then a time for Arms, when they had none,
 One other left to venture, but your own.
 Excuse me then, that only do endeavour
 To hold mine own, which now I must, or never.
 Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
 No danger, but Parthenia must partake.
 Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then?
 Parthenia shall be present, even when

The strokes fall thickest, and Parthenia shall
 Suffer whate'er to Argalus may befall;
 Parthenia in your greatest pain shall smart;
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.
 Can Prayers obtain no place? By this dear hand,
 The sacred Pledge of our Conjugal Band;
 By all the pleasures of our dearest Love;
 By Heav'n, and all the heav'nly Pow'rs above:
 Or, if those motives cannot find a room,
 Yet by the tender Fruit that in my Womb
 Begins to bud; or, if ought else appear
 To thy best thoughts more precious, or more dear,
 By that forsake me not, although the rest
 Prevail not; Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
 Weary'd, but not o'ercome, made answer thus:

'My dear *Parthenia*, thy desires never
 Gain'd my will till now; do not persevere
 'To crave the boon I cannot grant; forbear
 'To urge me, Resolution hath no ear.
 'Weep not (my Joy) let not those drops of thine,
 'That trickle from so fair an eye, divine
 'A foul success. Cheer up, a smile or two
 'Wou'd make me half a Conqu'rouer e'er I go.
 'Shine out, and let no envious Cloud benight
 'The glorious lustre of so fair a light.
 'Doubt not my life; the Justice of my Cause,
 'That brings me on, will quit me with applause.
 'Fear not, that such a Blessing, such a Wife,
 'Was e'er intended for so short a life.
 'Expect my safe return, as quick as glorious:
 'My Genius tells me I shall live Victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
 Her Mother-tongue, her tongue replied not:
 But like to one that's stricken with the Thunder,
 She stood betwixt amazement, fear, and wonder.
 His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
 Her feeble waste, she strait fell down, and fainted

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But *Argalus*, transported with the tide
 And tyranny of Honour, could abide
 No longer stay; he trusts her to the Guard
 Of her own Women, left her, and repair'd
 Unto the Camp, wherein he spent some days
 In parley with *Amphialus*, and assays
 By all persuasive means to make him yield
 To just demands, and not to stain the field
 With needless blood. But finding him unapt
 For peaceful Counsel, being strongly rapt
 With his own Fame, and scorning to afford
 His ear to any Language but the Sword,
 He ceas'd t'address him, and (enforc'd to try
 A rougher Dialect) wrote him this Desie:

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
 If strong Persuasions, back'd with Reasons, could
 Been honour'd with your ear, your Wisdom would
 In yielding to so fair a Peace, have won
 As ample Glory as your Sword hath done.
 You should have conquer'd Souls, where now at most
 You can subdue but Bodies, that have lost
 The power to resist. But since my suit,
 Sown on so barren soil, can find no fruit,
 Receive a mortal Challenge from a hand
 Whose Justice takes a Glory to withstand
 So foul a Cause, and labours to subdue
 Your headless Errors, whilst it honours You.
 Compose you then to make a preparation
 According to your noble won,ed fashion,
 And think not slight of ne'er so weak an Arm
 That strikes, when Justice strikes up her Alarm.

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his Pen
 With noble speed return'd these Lines agen:

Much more renowned *Argalus*,
 Your faithful Servant, whose victorious brow
 Was never daunted yet, is daunted now

By your courtesie, being stricken dumb
 With your brave worth, and fairly overcome :
 Yet doubting not the Justice of my Cause
 (That's over-ruled by the sacred Laws
 Of dearest Love) will give my Sword the pow'r
 Ev'n to maintain it to the latest hour.
 I shall expect your coming to the Isle,
 Where with a heart (not poyson'd with the bile
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest Blood
 Your Servant shall be ready to make good
 His just designs. Assured of no less
 Than trebble fame, if crowned with success :
 If not, there's no dishonour can accrue,
 By being conquer'd and o'ersome by you.

Amphialus

Soon after, *Argalus* (whose Blood did boil
 To be in action) comes into the Isle,
 Clad in white Armour gilt, and strangely dress'd
 With knots of Womans hair, which from his Crest
 Hung dangling down, and with their bounteous trea-
 O'er-spread his Corset in a liberal measure: (sure
 His curious Furniture was fashion'd out
 Like to a flying Eagle, round about
 Belet with Plumes, whose crooked Beak (being cast
 Into a costly Jewel) was made fast
 To th' Saddle-bow, her spreading Train did cover
 His Crupper, whilst the Trappers seem'd to hover
 Like wings, that to the fix'd beholders eye,
 As the Horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to fly.
 Upon his Arm (his threatening Arm) he wore
 A sleeve all curiously-embroider'd o'er
 With bleeding Hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
 (In those crisis times when Fortune so betray'd
 Their secret Love, and with a smiling frown
 Dash'd their false hopes) as Copies of her own.
 Upon his Shield (for his Device) he set (met,
 Two neighb'ring Palms, whose building branches
 And

And twin'd together; the obscure Imprese
Imported this, *Thus flourishing as these.*
His Horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail; on his proud back
A coal-black List; his Nostrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his sparkling Eye descri'd
An Enemy t' encounter; up by turns
He lifts his hasty Hoofs, as if he scorns
The Earth, or if his tab'ring feet had found
Away to go, and yet ne'er change the ground.

By this *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Isle,
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment as the Sword
And Lance could give: and at the Trumpets sound,
The Steed (that needed not a prick to wound (ning,
Their *bleeding flanks*) both start, & with smooth run-
Their staves, declining with unhaken cunning,
Perform'd their Masters will with angry speed.
But *Argalus's* well instructed Steed
Being hot and full of Courage (fiercely led
By his own Pride) press'd in his prouder head;
The which when stout *Amphialus* elpy'd,
Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Press'd it likewise, so that both Men and Horse
Shouldring each other, with a double force
 Fell to the ground. But by accusom'd skill,
And help of Fortunes hand, that succours still
Old Spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
And had (less fear'd than hurt) no harm at all.
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now begun
To do what their left Staves had left undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer, in what sort
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by piece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding Walls of the besieged Town?
Vn so their Swords (whose oft-repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to interpose

A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
 So hew'd their proofless Armour, that at length
 Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
 And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground,
 Trusting their bodies to a bare defence
 Of Vertue, and unarmed Innocence.
 Such deadly blows were dealt, and such required,
 That *Mars* himself stood ravil'd and afrighted
 To see the cruel Combat; every blow
 Did act two parts; both struck and guarded too
 At self-same instant. So incomparable
 Their skilful quickness was, that none was able
 To say (altho' their watchful eyes attended
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended.
 Long was it e'er their equal skill or force
 Of Arms could shew a better or a worse:
 Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excell'd
 In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
 More equal odds. No Wound as yet could show
 A drop of wasted Blood, yet every blow
 Was full of death. *When skilful Gamesters play,
 The Christmas-Box gains often more than they.*

At length the Sword of *Argalus* (that never
 Thirsted so long in vain till now, nor ever
 Made Vict'ry doubtful for so long a space)
 Hastned a wound on the disarmed Face
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
 Had not his faithful Shield born part, and been
 An equal sharer, his unequal Foe
 No doubt had summ'd his Conquest in that blow.
 With that, the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
 Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded Arm,
 Up heav'd his thirsty Brandiron, and let fly
 A downright blow, but with a fallisie
 Revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping wound
 In his right Arm. But *Argalus*, that found
 A loss of blood, exchange'd his open play,
 And for his more advantage closely lay

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Upon a lower Guard; withal expecting
 A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting.
 For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
 his tyr'nous thoughts with *Conquest*, and proclaim'd
 Undoubted Vict'ry) heap'd his strokes so fast,
 As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last:
 The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
 Dispos'd his time in only putting by)
 Put home a thrust (his right foot coming in)
 And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been
 No less than Death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
 A mischief to advantage) had forborn
 To shew a Miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his Arm had so
 O'erstruck it self, that sideward to the ground
 He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that Wound,
 Which, had he stood, had enter'd in point-blank;
 But, falling, only graz'd upon his flank.
 Being down, brave *Argalus's* threatening Sword
 Bids yield. *Amphialus* answering not a word
 (As one whose mighty Spirit did disdain
 A life of Alms) but striving to regain
 His Legs and Honour, *Argalus* let drive,
 With all the strength a wounded Arm could give,
 Upon his head; but his hurt Arm (not able
 To do him present service answerable
 To his desires) let his Weapon fall.
 With that *Amphialus* (tho' daz'd withal)
 Arose; but *Argalus* ran in, and grasp'd
 (Being clos'd together) with him, were both clasp'd
 And grip'd each in th'unfriendly Arms of either;
 A while they grapl'd, grappling fell together,
 And on the ground with equal Fortune strove:
 Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
 And sometimes *Argalus*. Both jointly vow'd
 Revenge, both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
 Both bleeding fresh. Now *Argalus* bids yield,
 And now *Amphialus*. Both would win the field,

Yet

Yet neither could. At last by free consent,
 They rose, and to their breathed Swords they went.
 The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
 As if the Fight had been but new begun;
 New Wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
 And warm Blood intermingles with the cold:
 But *Argalus* (whose wounded Arm had lost
 More Blood than all his Body could almost
 Supply, and, like an unthrift, that expends
 So long as he hath either Stock or Friends)
 Bled more than his spent fountain could make good;
 His Spirit could give Courage, but not Blood.

As when two Wealthy Clients, that wax old
 In suit (whose learned Counsel can uphold,
 And gloze the Cause alike on either side)
 During the time their Termly Golden Tide
 Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say
 Who prospers best, or who shall get the day:
 But he whose Water first shall cease to flow,
 And ebb so long till it shall ebb too low,
 His Cause (tho' richly laden to the brink
 With Right) shall strike upon the Bar, and sink;
 And then an ealie Counsel may unfold
 The doubt; the *Question's* ended with the Gold:
 Ev'n so our Combatants, the whilst their Blood
 Was equal spilt, their Cause seem'd equal good;
 The Victory equal, equal was their Arms;
 Their hopes were equal, equal was their harms:
 But when poor *Argalus* his wasting Blood
 Ebb'd in his Veins (altho' it made a flood,
 A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
 His cause, his strength, but not his heart must yield.
 Thus wounded *Argalus*, the more he fail'd,
 The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd.
 With that *Amphialus* (whose noble strife
 Was but to purchase Honour, and not Life)
 Perceiving what advantage in the fight
 He gained, and the Valour of the Knight,

Became

Became his suitor, that himself would please
 To pity himself, and let the Combat cease :
 Which Noble *Argalus*, that never us'd
 In Honour to part stakes, with thanks refus'd :
 Like to a luckless Gamester, who, the more
 He loses, is less willing to give o'er)
 And filling up his empty Veins with spight,
 Begins to sum his Forces, and unite
 His broken strength, and (like a Lamp that makes
 The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
 His Sword in both his hands, and at a blow
 Cleft Armour, Shield, and Arm almost in two.
 But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pity, and trusting to his Cards, he sets
 That stock of Courage treasur'd in his breast,
 Making his whole estate of strength his rest ;
 And views such blows, as *Argalus* could not see
 Without his loss of life : so thunder'd he
 Upon his wounded Body, that each Wound
 Seem'd like an open sluice of Blood, that found
 No hand to stop it, till the doleful cry
 Of a most beauteous Lady (who well nigh
 Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm.
 Perchance too late) from doing further harm.
 It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
 Had dreamt she saw her Husband in that plight
 She now had found him ; fear and love together
 Gave her no rest till they had brought her thither ;
 The nature of her fear did now begin
 To expel the fear of Nature, stepping in
 Between their pointed Swords, the prostrate lay
 Before their blood-bed-bled-feet, to say
 She knew not what ; for as her lips would strive
 To be deliver'd a deep sigh would drive
 That abortive issue of her Language forth ;
 Which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth :
 And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
 Oh ! then a tear would trickle, and prevent it.

But

But when the Wind of her loud Sighs had laid
 The showres of her Tears, she sobb'd and said,
*O wretched eyes of mine ! O wailful sight !
 O day of darkness ! O eternal night !*
 And there she stopt ; her eyes being fix'd upon
Amphialus, she sigh'd, and thus went on.

My Lord,

*'Tis said you love : Then by that sacred Pow'r
 Of Love, as you'll find mercy in that hour
 Of greatest misery, leave off, and sheath
 Your bloody Sword ; or else, if nought but Death
 May slake your anger, Oh ! let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient Offering at the Shrine
 Of your appeased thoughts ; or, if you thirst
 For Argalus's Life, then take mine first ;
 Or, if for Noble Blood you seek, if so,
 Accept of mine, my Blood is Noble too,
 And worth the spilling. Even for her dear sake
 Your tender Soul affects, awake, awake
 Your noble Mercy. Grant I care not whether ;
 Let me die first, or kill us both together.*
 With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
 To hear *Parthenia's* words) made this Reply :

*Parthenia, ah Parthenia ! then must I
 Be bought and sold for tears ? Is my condition
 So poor, I cannot live but by Petition ?*
 So said, he stept aside (for fear, by chance
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance,
 And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain
 Would have begun the Combat fresh again :
 But now *Amphialus* was charm'd, his hand
 Had no sufficient Warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came
 Such precious Tears in so belov'd a Name.
 His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
 Was overcome, his very Soul did smart :

he stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance,
 and (putting by some blows) made no resistance.
 But what can long endure? Lamps wanting Oyl
 must out at last, although they blaze a while.
Trees wanting sap must wither; strength and beauty
 can claim no privilege to quit that Duty
 they owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
 (th'unsound supporters failing) must decline,
 nor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o'er
 to strike, his feeble arm can strike no more:
 and Nature's pale-fac'd Belly now distains
 his Blood, for that small debt which yet remains
 unpaid: His Arm, that cannot use the point,
 now leans upon the Pomel; every joint
 disclaims their idle sinews, and his eye
 begins to double every Object by.
 Nothing appears the same it was: The ground
 and all thereon does seem to dance the round:
 his Legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,
 he mis'd his Chair, and fell into a swoon.
 With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
 and in with haste, *Amphialus* began
 to loose his Helmet, whilst her busie Palm
 chaf'd his close Temples, and (distilling Balm
 to his Wounds) her hasty Fingers tore
 her Linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
 to wipe the tear-mix'd blood away, and wrap
 his Wounds withal; Upon her panting Lap
 he laid his liveless head, and (wanting bands
 to bind his bloody Cloaths) her nimble hands
 as if it were ordained for that end,
 and therefore made so long) did freely rend
 her dainty Hair by handfuls from her head:
 but as she wrapt the Wounds, her eyes would shed,
 and wet the rags so much, that she was fain
 with sighs and sobs to dry it up again.
 thus half distracted with her Grievs and Fears,
 these Words she intermingles with her Tears:

Disress'd

*Distress'd Parthenia ! into what Estate
 Hath Fortune, and the direful hand of Fate,
 Driven thy perplexed soul ? O thou, O thou,
 That wert the President of all Joys, but now,
 Now turn'd th' Example of all Misery
 For Torments worse than Death to practise by !
 How less than nothing art thou ! And how more
 Than miserable ! Thou that wert before
 All Ladies of the Earth for happiness,
 But very now (ah me !) now nothing less.
 Oh angry Heav'n ! what hath Parthenia done,
 To be thus plagu'd ? Or why not plagu'd alone,
 If guilty ? What shall poor Parthenia do ?
 To whom shall she complain, alas ! or who
 Shall give relief ? Nay, who can give relief
 To her that hopes for succour from her Grief ?
 Oh Death ! must we be parted then for ever,
 And never meet again ? What ! Never ? Never ?
 Or shall Parthenia now be so unkind,
 To leave her Argalus, and stay behind ?
 No, no, my dearest Argalus ; make room,
 (There's room enough in Heav'n) I come, I come.*

*Who ever saw a dying Coal of Fire
 Lurk in warm Embers (till some breath inspire
 A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
 And being blown, glimmers a while, and dies:
 So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
 Giving new life (a life in spight of death)
 Recall'd him from his death-resembling Trance ;
 Who from a panting Pillow did advance
 His feeble head, and looking up, he made
 Hard shift to force a Language, and thus said :*

*My dear Parthenia, now my Glass is run,
 The Tapers tell me, that the Play is done.
 My days are summ'd, Death seizes on my heart ;
 Alas ! the time is come, and we must part.
 Yet, by my better hopes, grim Death doth bring
 No Grief to Argalus, no other Sting,*

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But this, that I must leave thee, even before
My grateful *Actions* can cross the score
Of thy dear Merits.

But since it pleases Him, whose Wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better Will,
Depend upon his Goodness, and rely
Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why;
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'er to part again.

Mean while, live happy. Let *Parthenia* make
No doubt but blessed *Argalus* shall partake
In all her Joys on Earth, which shall increase
His Joys in Heav'n, and Soul's Eternal Peace.
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful *Argalus*; let no thought renew
My last disgrace. Think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, tho' unfortunate.

And as he spake that Word, his Lips did vent
A Sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting Kiss
Had given him earnest of approaching Bliss,
He snatch'd his Sword into his hand, and cry'd,
Death! thou art a Conquerour, and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, whose livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down his head, and swooned:
But Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer Day;
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since Death depriv'd
Him of his life, in whose dear life she liv'd.

But, ah! *Parthenia*'s sorrow was too deep,
Too too unruly to be lull'd asleep
By ought but Death; she startles from her swoon,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His lukewarm lips; but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her

Of sense and language; here and there she goes,
 Not knowing what to do, or what she does;
 Sometimes her fair misguided hand would tear
 Her beauteous Face, sometimes her tress'd Hair,
 As if their use could stand her in no stead,
 Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
 Stood like an Idol fastned to his place,
 Where with a World of Tears he did bemoan
 The deed that his unlucky hands had done)
 Well knowing that his Words would aggravate,
 Not ease the misery of her woful state,
 Spake not, but caus'd her Women that came with her
 To urge her to the Ferry, where together
 With her dead *Argalus* sh'imbark'd, from whom
 She would not part. No sooner was she come
 To't other Shoar, but all the Funeral State
 Of Military Discipline did wait
 Upon the Corps, whilst Troops of trickling eyes
 Fore-ran the well-perform'd solemnities;
 The *Martial Trumpet* breath'd her doleful sound,
 While others trail'd their *Ensigns* on the ground.
 Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
 Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and over-lay'd
 With Sables, to his House, a House than night
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
 Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
 Prepar'd for Virtue, and deserv'd Renown,
 Where now we leave him to be full possessor
 Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
 What Oratory can prevail? Or how
 Can Counsel chuse but blush to undergo
 So vain a Task, and be contemned too?
 May Reason move a heart, whose best relief
 Consists in desp'rate yielding to a Grief?
 Or what Advice can relish in her ears,
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears?

Reader

Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented
 are but exulcerated, but augmented:
 forbear t'attempt where there is no prevailing,
 desp'rate Grief grows stronger by bewailing:
 leave her to Time and Fortune; let your eyes
 no longer pry into her Miseries:
 True Mourners love to be beheld of none;
 Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.
 But now our *blood-bound Muse* must draw and track
Amphialus, and bring the Murtherer back
 to a new Combat: where, if Fortune please
 to crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease
 the crying Blood of *Argalus* with Blood,
 our better relish'd Story (making good
 our hopeful expectations) shall besfriend
 the tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had outworn
 the danger of his Wounds, and made return
 to the Martial Camp, there to maintain
 his new-got Honour, and to entertain
 griev'd Challengers, that shall demand
 or seek for satisfaction from his hand,
 an armed Knight came prancing o'er the Plain,
 denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain.
 our Dam'sels usher'd him in sable Weeds,
 and four came after, all on Mourning Steed;
 his curious Armour was so painted over
 with lively shadows, that you might discover
 the Image of a gaping Sepulchre,
 about the which were scatter'd here and there
 some dead mens bones; his Horse was black as Jet,
 his Furniture was round about beset
 with branches split from the sad Cypress-Tree,
 his Bases (reaching far below the Knee)
 embroder'd o'er with Worms; Upon his shield,
 or his Impres, he had a beauteous Child,
 whose body had two heads, whereof the one
 appear'd quite dead, the other (drawing on)

Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
 This Motto was subscrib'd, *From Death by Death.*
 Thus arm'd to point, he send his bold Defie
 T^r *Amphialus*, who sent as quick Reply.
 Forthwith, being summon'd by the Trumpets sound
 They start: but brave *Amphialus*, that found
 The Knight had miss'd his Rest, (as yet not met)
 Scorning to take advantage, would not let
 His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
 Encounter his befriended Enemy.

Whereat the *angry Knight* (not apt to brook
 Such insupportable mishap) forsook
 His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his *Launce* aside
 (Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd
 A fair Success, drew forth his *glistening Sword*:
 Whereat *Amphialus* lighted, (who abhorr'd
 A Conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
 Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
 Drew forth his Sword, and for a little space
 Their strokes contended with an equal pace
 And fierceness: He herein did more discover
 A Bravery than Anger, whilst the other
 Bewray'd more spleen than either skill or strength
 To manage it. *Amphialus* at length,
 With more thad wonted ease, did batter so
 His ill-defended Armour, that each blow
 Open'd a door for Death to enter in.
 And now the Noble Conquerour does begin
 To hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd
 To take a Life so easily obtain'd;
 And mov'd with pity (stepping back) he staid
 His unresisted violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more, but take the peace
 Of your own passion; let the Combate cease;
 Seek not your causeless Ruine; turn your Arm
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such as wish you harm;
 Husband your Life before it be too late;
 Fall not by him that ne'er deserv'd your hate.*

Book 3
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To whom the Knight return'd these words again:
 Thou ly'st, false Traytor, and I here disdain
 Both words and mercy with a base Desie,
 And to thy throat my Sword shall turn the Lye.

To whom *Amphialus*: *Uncivil Knight,*
 Courageous in noiking but in spight,
 And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
 Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.

And as he spake, he gave him such a Wound
 Upon the Neck, as struck him to the ground:
 And with the fall, his Sword (that now deny'd
 All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side.

That done, he loos'd his Helmet, with intent
 To make his over-lavish Tongue repent
 Of the base Words he had so basely said,
 Or else to crop him shorter by the head.

Whoever saw th'illustrious Eye of Noon
 New broken from a gloomy Cloud) send down
 His Earth-rejoicing Glory, and display
 His Golden Beams upon the Sons of Day?

Even so, the Helmet being gone, a fair
 And lovely treasure of unbraided Hair
 O'erspread the shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight,
 Whose now discover'd Visage (in despite
 Of neighb'ring Death) did witness and proclaim
 A sovereign Beauty in *Parthenia's* Name;

And she it was indeed; see how she lies
 Smiling on Death, as if her blessed Eyes,
 Bless'd in their best Desires) had espy'd
 His face already for whose sake she dy'd!

The Lillies and the Roses (that while'er
 Trove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
 Have broke their Truce, and freshly fall'n to blows:
 Behold, the Lilly hath o'ercome the Rose!

Her Alabafter Neck (that did outgo
 The Doves in whiteness, or the new-fall'n Snow)
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the Red did seek
 Protection there, being banish'd from her Cheek.

So full of sweetness was her dying Face,
That Death had not the power to displace
Her Native Beauty, only by a translation
Moulded and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus* (in whom Grief and Shame
Of this unlucky Victory, did claim
An equal Interest) prostrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his Sword, his Arm, his hour of Birth;
Casting his Helmet and his Gauntlet by,
His undissembled tears did testify
What Words could not: But finding her Estate
More apt for Help than Grief, (tho' both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curst hands) did proffer
Their needless help, and with his life to shew
What honour a devoted heart could do.
Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
Gave speedy signs of a desired death)
Turning her fix'd (but oft recalled) eyes
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies:

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done what I desire,
What I expect; and if against your will,
The better: so I wish your favours still.
Yet one thing more (if Enemies may sue)
I crave, which is to be untouch'd by you;
And as for Honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchase Honour from your hand.
No, no; 'tis no such bargain made, that he
Whose hands had kill'd my Arg'lus, should help me.
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more,
And for the deeds sake I forgive the doer.
What then remains, but that I go to rest
With Argalus, and so be possess'd
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
E'er since whose Death I have so often dy'd?
And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
Of Death had given a warning e'er it struck.)

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But soon returning to her self again :
 Welcome, sweet Death, said she, whose minutes pain
 Shall crown this Soul with everlasting pleasure ;
 Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leisure.
 Delay me not, Oh ! do me not that wrong ;
 My Argalus will chide I stay so long.
 Oh ! now I feel the Gordian-knotted bands
 Of Life unty'd. Oh Heav'ns ! into your hands
 I recommend my better part, with trust
 To find you much more merciful than just,
 (Yet truly just withal.) Oh Life ! Oh Death !
 I call you to a witness, that this breath
 Ne'er drew a blast of Comfort since that hour
 My Argalus dy'd. Oh thou Eternal Power !
 Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white Veil
 Of thy dear Mercy ; and when this Tongue shall fail
 To speak, Oh then ! —

And as she spake [Oh then !] Oh then she left
 To speak ! and being suddenly bereft
 Of Words, the fatal Sister did divide
 Her slender twine of Life, and so she dy'd.

So dy'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
 The World of Beauty and Perfection lies,
 Lock'd up by Angels (as a thing divine)
 From mortal eyes, whilst her Vertues shine
 In perfect Glory, in the Throne of Glory,
 Leaving the World no Relick, but the story
 Of Earths Perfection, for the mouth of Fame
 To consecrate to her Eternal Name ;
 Which shall survive (if Muses can divine)
 (Tho' not in these poor Monuments of mine)
 To th'end of days, and by these looser Rhimes
 Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times.
 So lodg as Beauty shall but find a friend,
Parthenia's lasting Fame shall never end.
 Till to be truly Vertuous, to be Chast,
 Be held a Sin, *Parthenia's* Name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
 This Lamp of Honour, he forsook the Camp,
 And like a willing Pris'ner was confin'd
 To the strict limits of a troubled mind.
 No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
 Upon the Verdict, none t'attest the deed;
 None to give Sentence in the Judgment-hall:
 Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge and all.
 Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes
 Upon *Parthenia's* Women, whose fierce cries
 Inforce a helpless Audience: *It is said,*
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
 One snatch'd *Parthenia's* Sword, resolv'd to die
Parthenia's death: Another raving by,
 Strove for the Weapon; thro' which eager strife
 They both were hinder'd, and each sav'd a Life.
 Others, whom wiser Passion had taught how
 To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
 Their careless Bodies on the purple floor;
 Where sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
 Their tangl'd hair, and Garments drench'd in tears,
 And cry'd, as if *Parthenia's* blessed ears
 Could hear the voice of Grief, such Grievs as would
 Return her from her Glory, if they could.
 Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true Passion,
 Where Grievs were clothed in a several fashion.
 Sometimes their sorrow would recal to view
 Her Vertue, Chastness, Sweetness, and renew
 Th'inwasted Passions, and oft-times they bann'd
 Themselves for 'beying her unjust Command.
 And now by this the mournful Trump of Fame
 (Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim
 And spread her doleful Tidings, whilst all ears
 And eyes were fill'd with death and sliding tears.
 Pity and sorrow, mix'd with adoration,
 Became the threefold subject of all passion;
 Grief went her progress thro' all hearts, and none,
 From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne

Could

Cou'd own a thought, whose best advice cou'd borrow
 The smallest respite from th' extremes of sorrow.
 But all this while *Basilus* Princely Breast,
 As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest;
 His share was trebble; Hearts of Kings are deep
 And close; what once they entertain, they keep
 With violence: The violence of his Passion
 Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation.
 But soon as Grief had done her private rights
 And dues to *Honour*; *Honour* (that delights
 In publick Service, and can make the breath
 Of sighs and sobs to triumph over Death)
 Call'd in Solemnity, with all her Train,
 And Military Pomp, to entertain
 Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of Death, and with sad Triumph lead
 The slumbring Body to that Bed of Rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred Ashes: There entombed lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 E'er since, that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year
 Visit the Ruines of their Sepulchre,
 And in memorial of their faithful Loves,
 There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
 Of *ARGALUS* and his *PARTHENIA*'s Name.

Hos ego Versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the Blossom on the Tree;
Or like the dainty Flow'r of May,
Or like the Morning to the Day;
Or like the Sun, or like the Shade.
Or like the Gourd that Jonas had:

Ev'n such is Man, whose thred is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The Rose withers, the Blossom blasteth,
The Flower fades, the Morning hasteth,
The Sun sets, the Shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight,
Or like a Morning clear and bright;
Or like a Frost, or like a Shower,
Or like the pride of Babel's Tower;
Or like the Hour that guides the Time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime:

Even such is Man, whose Glory lends
His Life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish, the Morn o'ercasteth,
The Frost breaks, the Shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the Hour spends,
The Beauty fades, and Man's Life ends.



F. Quarles.

The

The Author's Dream.

I.

MY Sins are like the Hairs upon my head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score:
In this they differ; These do daily shed,
But ah! my Sins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my sins,
Heav'n make me bald before the day begins.

II.

My Sins are like the Sands upon the shoar,
Which ev'ry Ebb lays open to the Eye:
In this they differ; These are cover'd o'er
With every Tide, my Sins still open lie.
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears,
Oh! they will hide the Sins of all my Tears.

III.

My Sins are like the Stars within the Skies,
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ; These do set and rise,
But ah! my Sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of Glory, and my Sins are gone,
Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.

F. Quarles.

F I N I S.

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